

Brazil Viewed
Through a Naval
Glass: With Notes on
Slavery and The Slave
Trade

Wilberforce, Edward

Brazil Viewed Through a Naval Glass: With Notes on Slavery and The Slave Trade

Wilberforce, Edward



BIBLIOLIFE

Copyright © BiblioLife, LLC

BiblioLife Reproduction Series: Our goal at BiblioLife is to help readers, educators and researchers by bringing back in print hard-to-find original publications at a reasonable price and, at the same time, preserve the legacy of literary history. The following book represents an authentic reproduction of the text as printed by the original publisher and may contain prior copyright references. While we have attempted to accurately maintain the integrity of the original work(s), from time to time there are problems with the original book scan that may result in minor errors in the reproduction, including imperfections such as missing and blurred pages, poor pictures, markings and other reproduction issues beyond our control. Because this work is culturally important, we have made it available as a part of our commitment to protecting, preserving and promoting the world's literature.

All of our books are in the “public domain” and some are derived from Open Source projects dedicated to digitizing historic literature. We believe that when we undertake the difficult task of re-creating them as attractive, readable and affordable books, we further the mutual goal of sharing these works with a larger audience. A portion of BiblioLife profits go back to Open Source projects in the form of a donation to the groups that do this important work around the world. If you would like to make a donation to these worthy Open Source projects, or would just like to get more information about these important initiatives, please visit www.bibliolife.com/opensource.

BRAZIL

VIEWED THROUGH A NAVAL GLASS :

WITH

NOTES ON SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

BY

EDWARD WILBERFORCE,

(LATE OF H. M. NAVY.)

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons, and happy skies,
Breaths of tropic shade, and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.
Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag.
Slides the bird o'er justrous woodland, swings the traller from the crag :
Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.

TENNYSON's *Locksley Hall*.

LONDON :
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1856.

Dedicated

TO A YOUNG LADY,

AT HER OWN REQUEST.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	Page
England to Madeira—English spoken—The Banana—Land at Funchal —In a Circus—Hotels and Horses—Mala Vino Laveré—Jesuitical —Romantic—What St. Peter's Keys Lock up—Shops and Streets —At Sea—Flying Fish—The Portuguese Navy—Among the Slave Ships	1

CHAPTER II.

Brazil, Historical, and Touristical—Rio as it Will Be—Rio as it Is— Mountains, Forts, Beauties, and their Drawbacks—Wealth and Health—Food—Brazilian Diet in Town and Country	21
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Naval Mems.—Brazilian Men-of-War—The Bertioga—Shore Boats— Sketch from Life of a Tradesman—Canoes—Feluccas—Sharks and other Denizens of the Waters	32
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

St. Sebastian—The Palace Square—Pharoux—A little Freedom and Enlightenment—Take care of the Pence—Pastrycooks—Scenes in the Palace Square—Those dear Blacks—Who keep Shops in Brazil—Feather Flowers—A Bird-Fancier—Gloria—Multos Castrá Juvant	42
---	----

CHAPTER V.

	Page
Bring forth the Horse—Horses and Mules—Don Whiskerando—Botanical Gardens—John Bull Abroad—Nearly a Shipwreck—Cofferdam—Repairing Leaks—Braganza—The Piratical Nation . . .	59

CHAPTER VI.

The Right Honourable—Out in the Country—A little Slavery—Washerwomen—A Beautiful Situation—English and Foreign Scenery—The Corcovado—View from the Summit—Appearance of a Tiger—The Aqueduct	71
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

Bahia—Travelling in General—Parisian Sights—The Convent—Feather Flowers—Live Animals—Opera House and Hotel—To the Diggings for Beef—Guava Jelly—A Catamaran	85
---	----

CHAPTER VIII.

Rio de la Plata—Monte Video—Facts for Naval Officers—Carved Ostrich Eggs—Cardinals—The Alliance	98
---	----

CHAPTER IX.

St. Vincents—Uncivilisation—Come, my Lad, and drink some Beer!—Billiards—Aspect of the Island—St. Antonio—The Rover—A Court-Martial	106
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

Cruising—Results of a Capture—Georgi Grego—Leaf from a Middy's Note-Book—Wood, Fish, and Jungle—Parrots—The Ocean, viewed in its Poetical Aspect	112
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Marambya—Mangaratiba—A Village Shop—Fortifications—Villa Grande—Bays and Headlands—Casatiba—Busios—Victoria—Porcos—Fish	121
--	-----

CONTENTS.

ix

CHAPTER XII.

	Page
Ilha Grande—Dos Rios—The Tentativa—Praya Palmas—Andrea Smith—Canoeing—Lost in a Wood—In the Water Stream flowing swiftly!—Unexpected Kindness—Green Coffee—A Volunteer—Albroo—Custard Apples—Lorega—Nautili—Geyser Rock . . .	129

CHAPTER XIII.

Casatiba, or Orange Bay—A Delegarde—An Orange Grove—Take a 'Poon, Pig!—Brazilian Avarice—Singular Effects of Brazilian Tobacco—A Depôt for Slaves—St. Sebastian—Portuguese and Brazilian Builders—Santos	149
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Port Frio—Wreck of H. M. S. Thetis—The Village and Fort—Cape St. Thome—Odd Fish—Whales—Coryphenes not Dolphins—Sharks	161
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

River and Town of Espiritu Santo—Legend—Fortifications—The Old Town—What is Truth?—In the Country—Cotton Hammocks—Shopkeepers—Festivities from Our Own Correspondent—Excelsior!—Birds of many Feathers—Slave Vessels	172
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

Guarapari—Women of the Country—Nec Vox Hominem Sonat—The Cane—Benevente—Line of Coast—Piuma—Itabapoama—Itape-mirim—Assassination	189
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

Boarding Experiences—Regular Slavers, Sir!—Our First Prize—The Magano—Reasons for her Capture—To St. Helena and Back—Second Prize—On the Look-Out for more—Duchess Anne—Barque laden with Wool	200
--	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

	Page
Smugglers and Cutters—Slave Trade Laws—Lieutenant Scaly—Honesty not always the Best Policy—Suffering from too much Health—Midshipman's Logic—Poor Doctor!	212

CHAPTER XIX.

Slavery—The "Black Fever"—"Ladies"—Morals and Education of Negroes—What the Brazilians Think of Us—Brazilian Journalism—Our Ambassadors—Power of the Church in Brazil—Finis	221
---	-----

APPENDIX	227
--------------------	-----

PREFACE.

THIS volume contains simply an account of what I saw on the Coast of Brazil. It is necessarily incomplete and fragmentary; the position of a midshipman being such as to preclude his possessing much knowledge of the places he visits. But, such as it is, it is all my own, with the exception of two or three passages, for which I have to thank a gentleman, whose name I do not publish, as the officials in the service to which he belongs are averse to any appearance in print on the part of their subordinates. While endeavouring to tell my story in an amusing manner, I have interspersed sundry practical passages relative to the anchorages and bays on the coast, which may be of use to captains cruising in those parts.

EDWARD WILBERFORCE.

28, OLD BURLINGTON STREET,

October 2, 1855.

B R A Z I L .

CHAPTER I.

ENGLAND TO MADEIRA—ENGLISH SPOKEN—THE BANANA—LAND AT FUNCHAL—IN A CIRCUS—HOTELS AND HORSES—MALA VINO LAVERE—JESUITICAL—ROMANTIC—WHAT ST. PETER'S KEYS LOCK UP—SHOPS AND STREETS—AT SEA—FLYING FISH—THE PORTUGUESE NAVY—AMONG THE SLAVE SHIPS.

WE left England in November. The state of our favoured country at that time was such as I need hardly describe. Imagine a general dreariness—plenty of mists and rain, as a sort of preparation to make us ready to receive snow with resignation—blank days, as dull as an epic, or the hour of study in a large school-room—faded leaves, sunsets, and thick shawls; and you have before you the aspect of England on our departure for warmer climates. We had remained long in Plymouth waiting for orders, in that fearful state of naval uncertainty which puts a stop to leave, and, by cooping you up in your ship, gives you a foretaste of the miseries that are to come. At last we got our orders, and were off to sea—away from the Lizard light appearing indis-

tinctly through the fog, across the now quiet Bay of Biscay, past Cape Finisterre, we steamed perseveringly, and after a five days' passage caught sight of Madeira, rising abruptly before us, like the giant out of the sealed bottle in the Arabian nights. At 8 in the morning, as the captain came on deck, a breeze sprang up, and we sighted the island of Porto Santo. Such are the effects of a captain's appearance on the companion ladder! At 4 p.m., as I stepped on deck to "resume my chains" (in the words of Falconer) we were flying past Brazenhead, the eastern point of Madeira. The cliff at this point is high and rugged, and the different strata are marked with wonderful distinctness. I find my journal calls it a sort of limestone—not that I knew any thing about the matter; but wishing to pass off for a person scientific in these respects, I entered it as such with due boldness. Passing, however, the question whether it was limestone or not, I may remark that its appearance was very much that of a geological map, where the different strata are painted. We ran quickly under the shade of the island, its high mountains frowning upon us, alternated by green valleys sloping down to the sea, and dotted with white villas, till we cast anchor in the bay of Funchal. The water was smooth, except close to the beach, where it swelled into surf, and dashed against the wall of shingle and pebbles with a fierce roar,

rustling among them hoarsely as it withdrew its waves. The town stood at the back of the beach, and above rose the mountain, clad with nodding groves, from which peeped forth little cottages in all directions. Our steamer anchored close to the Loo Rock, and when we had received pratique, an inundation of shore boats followed, the vice-consul leading them. Washerwomen, hotel-keepers, and bumboatmen flocked alongside to solicit our orders. We retained one, named Sarsfield, for the midshipmen's berth, and found no reason to repent our choice. Most of these people spoke English tolerably, but one who was not well up in the language was sadly badgered by the "young gentlemen."

"What have you got?" was the preliminary question.

"Tomorr! Tomorr! every ting tomorr!" was the only answer, delivered in a tone of despairing earnestness. Then when he was asked about sundry articles that were quite strange to him, for fear of losing our custom, and his own importance, he answered rashly.

"Any eels' feet?" cried one.

"Eels' feet! ver fine! tomorr!"

"Any pigeon's milk?" continued another, to keep up the badgering.

"Pijin smilk! verfine! tomorr!" and so on for every article required; so that, if we had asked for a dozen Houyhnhnms, or any other outlandish thing, we should

have been promised them on the morrow, through the man's ignorance of English. I remember an old quartermaster whom we were always teasing in the same manner, who showed more judiciousness in his answers. On being asked how he would relish a good dish of ampelonorums stewed in their skins, and a glass of grog, he would invariably reply: "Ah, sir, a glass of grog's a good thing!"

Next day one of the regular bumboats came off, and I tasted my first banana. This fruit is one that does not much please your palate at the first trial, but gradually wins a way to your heart. In fact, it is too rich, and apt to disagree with one unaccustomed to its flavour. The plant is cruciferous, and whenever it is cut open, the form of the cross appears inside. If you cut a banana therefore in the presence of a Portuguese, he will take it as a mortal insult, and will most probably stab you, considering your deed to be an insult against the cross and his religion, and thinking of course that cutting a fruit open must be infinitely more criminal in the eyes of God, than cutting open a human being. The banana is the most generally useful fruit in tropical climates; they can no more dispense with it there, than we could with potatoes. It is eaten uncooked as a fruit, when ripe; when immature, it is cooked and used as a vegetable. Moreover, that vilest of all drinks, the

Brazilian *aqua ardente*, is produced from it, just as most good things give rise to evil.

At half past nine in the morning, seven members of the midshipmen's berth, including "the writer of these pages" started for the shore. The shore-boats are large, commodious, and swift. The boatmen pull towards the shore in a natural manner, then, on coming close, they suddenly slue the boat round in an unnatural manner, that always causes wonder among new-comers, and back in stern foremost. Other men are waiting on the beach, and, as soon as the keel grates on the shingle, the boat is seized on all sides and dragged up the steep beach, till perfectly high and dry. Such at least is the case on a smooth day, and I never was a witness of any thing approaching to bad weather in this island. But any one seeing the broken fragments of the pier, against which some surf is always beating viciously, would conclude that the bay is sometimes very rough; and indeed only steamers can dare to anchor so close to the shore as we did, for gales come on in the most sudden manner, and the bay of Funchal is too much open to be a very safe anchorage.

Immediately on landing, we were assailed by merchants of every sort, poking their wares into our faces, and yelling out all the facts connected with them. New dangers awaited us at every step. Some person

asked if we wanted horses, and on being answered in the usual naval way, "Yes, a dozen!" rushed off to procure us that number. The danger of exaggerating facts with plain people was instantly demonstrated to us; for as we entered upon an avenue that led up to the town, where the branches arched over our head, forming a most beautiful porch in this exquisite island, we were assailed and surrounded by a host of wild horses, bestrodden by wilder riders. We had required a dozen horses, but here were three dozen at a very moderate computation. Here we were, hemmed in on all sides, while the horses were flitting about like shadows of a substantial nature. In fact the scene reminded me of a "prairie by night" in one of Lever's novels, where a solitary horseman is depicted in an arena of bulls. But the bulls could not have bellowed louder than these horsemen, who enforced their claims, or rather the claims of self and partner, upon us in a most ambitious manner, concluding that we had selected their animals without speaking, as the young gentleman, in Garrick's farce of "The Guardian," considered was the case with respect to his mistress. Thus ran the tenor—if I wanted to make a pun, I should say the bass—of their discourse.

"Dis my pony for you, sare!" as if you had been in the habit of riding the animal specified for five-and-twenty years.

"Try *dis* horse, sare!"

"Very fine, dis un!"

"Senor officare, I brought you *my* pony, he do nicely for you, sare; he not too big!" You may be sure the last candidate remained unemployed! But here we stuck for ten minutes or so, perfectly unable to move. The riders were still dashing about, clattering on the pavement, so as to make us turn sharply round, and see that the pony galloping up behind us, did not come a little too far. But as all things mortal must come to an end sooner or later—except Alexandre Dumas's novels—we at last got away, and went to the Hotel l'Europe, kept by Joseph Giudetti, nearly opposite to the custom house—a decentish place apparently, though F—— preferred an English hotel nearer the Market Place, because "there were some —— pretty chambermaids there." At the hotel we had some real Madeira wine, and inspected sundry "curios." We bought some sticks, which are handsome, cheap, and of all sorts.

"From the knobbed bludgeon to the taper switch,"

some chains, most ingeniously manufactured of horse hair, and some skull caps, with a peak rising out of the summit. We then went forth to mount, and to undergo an immense amount of squabbling during the selection of our horses. Next, we were stopped like John Gilpin,

when almost in the saddle, that we might pay the boatman a most unreasonable sum, tenpence each, namely; so that, for rowing seven individuals a very short distance, the boatman would receive five shillings!

But at last we got off. We galloped straight up a perpendicular hill, wondering at our horse's agility when we looked back and saw the steepness of the ascent. We made at first for a church very conspicuously placed half-way up the hill, that has been called, time out of mind, "The Convent," though why it should bear such a name I know not, especially as Captain Basil Hall has shown that it has no pretensions to that name, in his very interesting *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*. The horse on which I was mounted required much correction, and I found that the light cane I had bought in the town was of very little use, as it vanished into thin air after one or two blows; consequently I took in exchange a rougher and more serviceable weapon from the hands of my attendant. These attendants follow you wherever you go, with the persevering of a Mephistopheles, holding to the tails of the horses, and keeping up at the swiftest gallop, without showing any signs of weariness. We passed several small cottages on our way up the hill, embowered in small private paradises of grapes, black bunches of which hung heavily from the boughs, which in other places were laden with figs, or fresh green

leaves, from which pretty young maidens peeped forth less frequently than we might have expected. At last we reached the church, which was evidently visited by every traveller, from the circumstance of there being a wine-shop close at hand. Hither our guides led us before they would suffer our approach to the church, that had to be reached by two or three flights of stone steps. We were at once made cognisant of the fact that the wine here was "ver good." The *vin ordinaire* was cheap enough, ranging from tenpence to one and eightpence per bottle. There were, however, mysterious whispers about some of a peculiarly generous kind that had been kept for many years in the cellars, and was valued at a fabulous price. One of the guides had sustained an injury in his foot from a horse's hoof, and the remedy he adopted was one apparently stranger than it was efficacious, and one *Venusinâ digna lucernâ*. He drank a glass of wine, pointing at the same time to the wound with one finger. Having mounted the steps in front of the church, we gazed at it from the outside till a head appeared from one of the doors, followed by a hand that beckoned us in.

"Quanto?" said we, concisely.

"Nothing, senor," replied the man, bowing; and he then showed us over the church, which was just like all other Roman Catholic churches, very well known to

most Englishmen, and too well to some. But the guide proved perfidious, and in fact a Jesuit; for, after promising to show us over for nothing, he asked for money at the end. This we could not abide.

"Tempus erat vim parare,
Nefas hoc non possum stare,"

one might have said, if the *Press* newspaper had been started at that time, and if sundry other events had also taken place.

We rode on again in high indignation. Captain Basil Hall, of whose "Fragments" I have just made honourable mention, complains that the Portuguese attendants would not suffer him to slacken his horse's pace as much as he desired. We did not find this objection apply to our followers, who would not let us go as fast by any means as we wished. But then, you know, midshipmen are proverbially hard riders, having no necks to be broken; whereas a captain, if hurled over a precipice, would cause a vacancy, from which captains are somewhat averse. As we were going at a rapid rate up hill and down dale, my attendant became somewhat fatigued, pulled up my horse, and let the others shoot ahead. In vain did I remonstrate, and rap his knuckles with all the energy of a spirit-rapper—he could not feel, and would have kept me for ever had I not been liberated by a happy accident.

He spied a horseshoe on the ground. With a shrill yell he dropped to pick it up, and my horse, released, set off at a gallop. He raised a hullabaloo after me without any effect, and had to "take the change" out of the horse when he came up, by checking him suddenly and capriciously every five minutes. Riding through a small patch of forest on the side of a hill, we came to a romantic ravine crossed by a wooden bridge, under which a small streamlet was trickling. Here I dismounted to pick some pouting blackberries, and to gaze on a view of such beauty that I found it necessary to explode into verse, though very *blank*.

Finis.

TO —, ON SEEING A VIEW IN THE ISLAND OF —,
 THE — DAY OF —, 18—,
 BY —, ESQ.,
 OF H.M.S. —

I stopp'd my horse upon a giddy height
 That looks upon thy waters, fair Funchal,
 Calm as a mirror, with the noonday sun
 Reflected on their surface, where the ship,
 That from Old England had convey'd me here,
 Swam like a feather on the waveless main.
 Beneath me lay the town, its houses white,
 Half hidden, half appearing from a grove
 Of orange-trees; while close beneath our feet
 Yawn'd a ravine, through which, with headlong pace,
 A mountain torrent gush'd, and joyous leap'd
 From rock to rock adown the dark ravine,
 Exulting in its strength.

After this we came to a most perilous descent, the ground having been roughed apparently, or as if the sea was frozen in a state of ripples. The horses had to hop like flies in a sugar basin. But when this bit was passed we resumed our reckless gallop, and really, as we flew along the narrow paths, where another horse passing would have caused a very precipitate descent on the part of "some one," as a tutor of mine used to say in translating a Greek passage that every one else but himself could understand, and darted round sharp turns, not knowing whether a precipice or another party of riders might not stare you in the face, it was rather ticklish work. Galloping down a paved causeway, we came to a house, in front of which dangled a board that had once boasted some pictorial design, but on which were only now traceable the words BON VIN. Here the same formula, *ut ante*, had to be gone through with the guides; that is, they had, in Yankee parlance, to be liquored all round. The wine-shop was prettily situated on a slope, with trees all around; and, while the guides were drinking, we picked nuts from the boughs within reach. And then again we went towards the town. On coming to the entrance we formed in a line abreast, and charged at full gallop down the steep street, making the wonderstruck populace fly right and left. The "*vox populi*" was for the moment a squall; so that if it is

actually "vox dei," as the absurd saying has it, the harmony of the tones of the Portuguese deity can scarcely be much commended. On arriving in the town, we went to the *bonâ fide* nunnery, situated at the west end. This place is commemorated by Henry Nelson Coleridge, in his "Six Months in the West Indies," as the scene of a very pathetic incident. On coming to the waiting-room, we asked for feather flowers. A fat nun came to the grating, and had a short jabber—excuse the word, gentle reader; it is the only one that expresses Portuguese talk naturally, with the guides. Then came a lean withered old nun, with a face like one of those unfortunate apples that come to dessert every day for six weeks, and go back from the room untouched, following the fat one, like the lean kine in Pharaoh's dream. Then the flowers came, handed through the turning doors. Here ceased the romance of the convent, the flowers being discovered to be exceedingly dear; so much so that we rushed out suddenly, leaving the guides to hand back the rejected wreaths, and to pacify the nuns. Next we had to satisfy the horse-dealers themselves, whose rapacity knew no bounds. After that we went to dinner, where the chief delicacies were the fruits produced at dessert, all of which were new to my palate. There were rich stores of the yellowest bananas, with their soft luscious pulp

within, and the sweeter guavas with many seeds, whose interior was pervaded by a soft red tint. And then we had more Madeira wine, at a charge not very high. "Dinner for seven gentlemen," I find from the bill, amounted to seven dollars—four shillings and two-pence ahead. But some clay pipes were the dearest articles by far, for five of them cost two shillings.

Duty now demanded our presence on board, but before returning we took a rapid survey of the nearest shops. The master of the hotel has a small shop opposite to his hostelry, where most articles of Madeira manufacture can be purchased. There were feather flowers, much cheaper than those at the convent, and scarcely at all inferior. The sticks and horsehair chairs are hardly so good as those you get from the itinerant merchants. There are English shops too in the island: drapers of the same class as those in our native land of the Tagrag and Titmouse stamp, with well-whiskered attendants behind the counter, who will pull half the shop down to oblige a lady. In another street we lighted on a pretty little shop where they sold wooden manufactures, rulers, paper-cutters, and work-boxes. The rulers and paper-cutters are of exquisite workmanship, wood of different colours, being most tastefully inlaid in the mosaic fashion. The work-boxes and writing-desks are also worth inspection, being much

like those you get at Sorrento, in the house where Torquato Tasso was born.

Let us take a brief view of one of the streets in Funchal. It is remarkably clean, wonderfully so for a foreign place, and also tidy. This is greatly owing to the steepness of the streets, all water running down of itself. Here comes a sort of sledge drawn by two oxen, and bearing within two ladies, whom you can speedily discover to be Englishwomen. Then a Portuguese lady walks by, the beauty of her complexion testifying to the care bestowed upon it:—then a fierce sound of hoofs, and a general alarm on the part of all in the street, with a general rush to the shops. Half a dozen midshipmen come clattering by, with half a dozen guides shrieking in the rear, and clutching wildly at the tails of the horses.

Then come two porters with a pole on their shoulders; from the pole swings a hammock, of fantastic colours, wherein an invalid reposes, reading the last new novel, and thinking it remarkably stupid.

The foot-passengers next appear. Irreproachably dressed dandies, revelling in all the glories of a tight fit, and the consciousness that from the tips of their flashing boots to the crown of their hat, not omitting their oiled mustaches, they are equally faultless—that is, outside, I don't speak for the inside—come in the same

line with the Portuguese, in his undress and light summer clothing, with the red peak sticking up from the top of his cap. I may mention, *en passant*, as a singular fact, that nearly all the land in Madeira is the property of Englishmen, chiefly merchants, so that the Portuguese possession is merely nominal.

The currency here consists of dollars, pistareens, and bits; a dollar is 4s. 2*d.*, equal also to 1000 reis—a pistareen is 10*d.*, and a bit, or half-pistareen, 5*d.* English money can always be changed here at its full value, an advantage not to be met with in many foreign countries, whose people have vulgar prejudices against changing English money, save at a great loss to the owners.

We left Madeira in the evening of the day, whose proceedings I have just described. We steamed on all night, and in the morning, having gained an offing, and being attended by a fair breeze, we disconnected the engines, and made sail. Finding, however, that the ship did not go fast enough then, we unshipped the floats, so that the wheels offered very little resistance to the water. The first sign we had of the neighbourhood of the Equator was the appearance of the flying fishes. We saw small shoals of them glide past, bright glittering little objects, skipping from one wave's crest, and taking shelter under the next, only to emerge again with greater activity. Their scales flashed so brightly

in the sun that they resembled pieces of silver, as if some sportive breeze was playing duck-and-drake with flat thin coins of that metal. I may be allowed to quote Moore's poem on the subject here. It is not so well known as his other poems, and is pretty enough to deserve quotation.

TO THE FLYING FISH.

When I have seen thy snow-white wing
From the blue wave at evening spring,
And show those scales of silvery white
So gaily to the eye of light.
As if thy frame were form'd to rise
And live amid the glorious skies ,
Oh' it has made me proudly feel
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that rests not pent
Within this world's gross element,
But takes the wing that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven !
But when I see that wing so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again ;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er ;
Like thee, awhile the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think
Like thee, again the soul may sink.

It is a common mistake to suppose that flying-fish never rise out of the water unless pursued by a large enemy. This notion evidently arises from the sight of pictures representing the unfortunate little animals

skipping away with a dolphin after them, and with birds above them. You might as well think that boys never run without having a mad bull at their heels. We caught two of these fish one evening. If at night a lantern is held out of one of the ports, these fish immediately flock to it, and will even fly on board in their eagerness to near it.

From Madeira we ran with tolerably steady winds, till we were into 6° north latitude, where the Trades deserted us, leaving us to the tender mercy of the horse latitudes. We now shipped the floats again, and steamed the rest of the way. On the same day we captured a hawk that had for some time been hovering about the masts. Round its neck a ticket was fastened, on one side of which was written, "William Slater, Waterman, Leghorn," and on the other, "Ship Isabel, Lat. 10° N. Long. 23° 30' W. November." A blank was left here, the rest of the writing having been picked off by the bird, that was very hungry when caught. If the latitude and longitude were correctly stated, it must have flown a long distance without food. As we passed through the tropical regions at night, the sea was quite luminous around. The ship left a track of light behind, in which every moment a stronger glare of the blubber-fish was as distinctly seen, as would be the small invisible insects in water, under a microscope.

By day the sea was frequently covered with fish of the Nautilus species, and that especially with pink sails, known as the Portuguese man-of-war.

One morning as we were nearing the Brazils, and got into a state of mind that might be called chronic excitement, relative to the slave vessels we expected a constant view of, a sail was descried ahead. Glasses were at once in use, from the captain's longest to the midshipman's shortest, while two middies were perched on the foreyard to make her out. Bulletins were sent down every instant to those below. She is steering the same way as we are. She has borne up, and is making all sail. She is steering towards us. Minds vibrated between certainty and doubt, from the "Oh! she's nothing after all!" to the "By Jove! she must be something then!" For, of course, if she was honest, she would be nothing to speak of. On coming close, she hoisted English colours, but, having no Englishmen to answer our hail, was ordered to heave to. She was then boarded, as vessels are not allowed to carry the English flag without having at least two Englishmen on board. The captain said there were one or two suspicious circumstances connected with her, but not enough to warrant her detention. She was the English schooner "Fanny" from Bahia to Gibraltar, laden with coffee.

The next vessel that we saw was right ahead cruising about, and, as we came near, she tacked. This was declared a very "suspicious act" and besides she had a lookout-man at each masthead, which custom, it is well known, is never adopted by honest vessels. When we came up and hailed her, she replied that she was an American whaler, three months at sea. It was then suggested that the mast-head men might be looking out for whales; but this was strongly negatived by those who had been on this coast before. One of them proved logically that this vessel must be a slaver, because when he was off Cape Frio, in H. M. S. *Bender*, he fell in with a whaler that stated itself to be in a bad way for provisions. The *Bender* supplied her with some. "Next morning, sir, she was in, and landed 800 slaves, by G—!" This was concluded by a toss of the head, and an imperious curl of the lip, that could not help enforcing upon every one a conviction of its truth.

On the 10th of December we saw the land about Cape Frio, and in the evening anchored in Rio de Janeiro, after a passage of twenty-seven days. The name of this harbour signifies River of January, having been discovered on the 1st of January by Martin Affonso do Souza.

CHAPTER II.

BRAZIL, HISTORICAL, AND TOURISTICAL—RIO AS IT WILL BE—RIO AS IT IS—MOUNTAINS, FORTS, BEAUTIES, AND THEIR DRAWBACKS—WEALTH AND HEALTH—FOOD—BRAZILIAN DIET IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BRAZIL, I have reason to believe, is almost a *terra incognita* to that adventurous class, the fireside tourists. Those who visit Asia, Africa, and north America in their easy-chairs without the slightest upset, make a rapid transition from the blue waves of the Mediterranean to the alternate beauties and horrors of the West Indies, have as yet found an insufficiency of guides to convey them to Brazilian scenery. And accordingly we hear most ludicrous questions asked about these parts.

“What sort of people did you find the Yankees?” asks one of your friends, who prides himself upon his geographical knowledge, the more that he has never travelled.

“Yankees! Oh, I only saw one, and he——”

“But you don’t mean to say you saw only one inhabitant of Rio Janeiry?” for so is the name generally pronounced in our native land. When you have settled

this questioner, and sent him to hulk in a corner at this discovery of his ignorance, there are a great many more people to satisfy. Some believe that Brazil is inhabited by "the natives," not alluding to oysters, but to the aboriginal Indians. Some again who know the place by continued references to the map, and sundry diligent perusals of Southey's *History of Brazil* ask you if you ever put into any harbour, believing that her Majesty's ships and vessels of war are always at sea, as they might have been in the times of the late lamented Benbow. To these I do not address myself, save that the sketches of different harbours in this book will show whether we were always at sea or no. But to those who are uncertain about the inhabitants of Brazil, I may say, that the country is inhabited by Portuguese settlers, who however are emancipated from their native land, and would be insulted if called Portuguese any more. Of the history of Brazil I know nothing, but that is of the less consequence, as Southey has published a volume of tolerable size on the subject, which you would probably find delightful reading.

The harbour of Rio de Janeiro is about the finest in the world, as far as regards its size and scenery, but commodiousness is not included in the catalogue of its excellences. Brazil was made by nature, and has therefore mountains, trees, rivers, and other things, which

we must allow to have a certain amount of beauty, but which are deucedly awkward when one comes close to them. I am afraid that, as yet, every country has been constructed by nature, and that worthy creature, not being at all utilitarian, had an eye to beauty rather than to utility. But utilitarians may console themselves by remembering, that "use is a second nature," and when nature, worn out, resigns in favour of use, her successor will certainly make a new world, expressly calculated to conciliate waggons, railroads, &c. When this epoch comes, the harbour of Rio de Janeiro will be greatly altered. We shall have it then commodious enough, but not poetic; but there will probably be no poets "in the good time coming."

The entrance to the harbour is most imposing as you approach from the westward. The neighbourhood of Rio is then pointed out to you by the form of the mountain tops, that present the appearance of a man, stretched out at full length, lying on his back. One mountain, the Gavea, familiarly known as Lord Hood's nose—in his embassy to China, Mr. Ellis claims this nickname for the Corcovado, but wrongly, inasmuch as the Corcovado bears no likeness to a man's nose, while the resemblance the Gavea bears to the nose of the Iron Duke is very striking—supplies the recumbent giant with a head, and the Pan d' Azucar, or Sugar-loaf,

furnishes him with feet. The latter stands close to the harbour's mouth, which is entirely hidden from sight till you draw somewhat to the eastward of the Sugar-loaf, when the magnificent panorama bursts suddenly on your sight. The entrance is as small in proportion to the size of the harbour, as is the neck of a bottle to its whole. In fact, the harbour of Rio very much resembles a bottle, or a shot-flask.

Passing close under the dark Sugar-loaf, that frowns upon you like a grim sentinel at a palace gate, while the fort beneath looks far less imposing, though twice as deadly, just as the sentry's musket does more execution than his own austerity of countenance, you approach the fort of Santa Cruz. The Sugar-loaf indeed looks very rocky and rugged, amidst all the verdure of the neighbouring mountains, and it scowls blackly on the beautiful bay, that means no offence against its sentinel, as Satan looked upon the unconscious pair in their first state of innocence. The fort of Santa Cruz is built at the end of a rock sloping down from the mountains at the back, on the side facing the Sugar-loaf, and, being just on the bar, commands the entrance. The long swell heaves you onward, and breaks on the ledge that shelves out from the foot of the fort, with a roar that makes you feel unpleasantly near. There are two other forts near the entrance of the harbour, off

the largest of which, Fort Villegagnon, vessels stop to be boarded by the quarantine officers. The said quarantine officers seem to have no scruples as to keeping ships waiting. Once, on our arrival in the harbour, we were detained an hour, during which the captain's impatience showed itself in the frequent discharge of guns, before any quarantine boat visited us. Negroes are taken to Fort Villegagnon to be flogged. The Fort Santa Cruz hails all vessels that pass, but it is perfectly immaterial what answer you return, as long as you utter some responsive sound. In fact, the system here is much the same as that prevailing in certain fortified towns, where, when challenged by the sentry, if you give no answer you are liable to be shot, but if you shout out *Hocus-pocus* or *abracadabra* you will be permitted to pass free. If you enter at night, this fort burns a blue light, but vessels are not allowed to go out at night without a special permit.

Proceeding up the harbour, you catch a momentary glimpse of the shady village, and lake-like bay of Botafogo, but a jutting point soon hides it from view. The land on both sides presents very wonderful and distinct phases of beauty. On the left, above the white city, rise the eccentric forms of the chain of mountains, the Corcovado, the Tejouka, and the Sugar-loaf, with bare rocky summits and green sides, standing up to guard

the town that lies in their shadow. Far ahead in the distance rise the blue Organ mountains, earning their name from the likeness between their peaks and the brass pipes in front of an organ; while on the right hand the heights above Fort Santa Cruz, where the goat tries in vain to struggle up the steep rock, serve to complete the grandeur of the scene, and to enclose the harbour, like a basin hollowed out in the summit of a mountain.

But there are yet softer and more delicate beauties around: the waving trees, the islets that dot the bay in every direction, the small white sails hanging on the blue waters like little clouds in a southern sky, the foliage that luxuriates around the distant villas, and robes the hill-sides, are as lovely in their gentleness of touch, as the grander portions of the landscape in their majesty. There is no sparing here, no attempt to produce one single effect; but Nature has so lavished her gifts, and counteracted all that might have been unsightly by contrasts of beauty, that the gazer is in danger of never observing half her riches, and the writer must plead his inability to do them full justice.

Having arrived in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, I will discourse upon the two most important topics connected with the human race, wealth and health. Firstly, as to money. The currency in Brazil consists chiefly of reis, which are merely imaginary coins, forty going to a

penny, and the smallest coin ever struck off being one of ten reis. The milree is the coin generally used. As its name implies it consists of a thousand reis, or twenty-five dumps of forty reis each. A vinten or half dump is twenty reis, and the dump and vinten answer to our pence and halfpence. Though the milree consists properly of two shillings and a penny, English money, yet the value of it constantly varies, and during my stay in Brazil it was at the rate that is technically termed thirty, that is, equal to half-a-crown. Dollars are not much in request, even among the towns. The Spanish dollars are most valued, especially those known by the name of "pillar dollars," having pillars stamped upon them. I append a table showing the general value of the several dollars, which, however, frequently vary—

	Reis.
Spanish and Brazilian dollars	== 1960
American, Mexican, Bolivarian, and other nations	= 1800

The milrees are chiefly in notes of one, two, five, and ten thousand reis, besides larger sums. Twenties are common enough, fifties are less common, and I only once saw a hundred. Shortly before we left the station, gold and silver coins were being struck off. The silver coins were mostly pieces of five hundred, one and two thousand reis, the gold ten and twenty thousand, but smaller than our English coins in proportion to the value.

When you go on a cruise, especially among the small villages, such as you would principally visit, it is best to supply yourself with plenty of copper, and single milree notes, but none of higher value, which you will find difficult to change. Dollars, *pesos* in the language of the natives, are in little estimation, and you can seldom get them changed in the villages except at a considerable discount.

Next, as to health, which is second only in importance to money. The Brazils have been hitherto a healthy enough climate; but about the time of our stay there the fever commenced to appear, and in some cases it committed frightful ravages. Several ships had to run down to the southward, that the patients might have more chance of recovering in a colder climate. The disease was far more virulent in the harbour of Rio than on the coast adjoining; and, in many cases, patients sent out for a sea cruise derived signal benefit and fresh strength by their brief absence from the harbour.

In many cases, seizures of fever are to be attributed to intemperance, or imprudence in regard to diet and exposure. One midshipman who died of the fever, had spent one whole day shortly before his seizure in smoking cigars and drinking in the open air during the noonday heat.

In recommending a plan of living, Doctors Spix and

Martius advise Europeans "to follow the example of the Brazilians, who eat but moderately, drink chiefly water, and take every thing with the greatest regularity, following that strict order which is observable in all the phenomena of nature between the tropics. In the evening, the Brazilian takes scarcely any thing; at the most he drinks a cup of tea, or if he has not that, coffee, and avoids, especially at nights, eating cool fruits.

"Only such a regimen, and conforming with the nature of the climate, preserves him from many diseases, to which the stranger exposes himself through inattention or ignorance. Above all things, therefore, the stranger should be advised to observe the same regimen as the Brazilians; neither to expose himself to the fatal effect of the sun's rays, by walking in the open air during the hottest parts of the day, when all the streets are deserted, nor to the dangerous consequences of taking cold in the night dews, and, above all, not to indulge in sensual pleasures.

"Precaution is necessary also in drinking water to appease the almost insatiable thirst: we were advised to drink the water mixed with wine or brandy, but though we used this beverage with advantage when we took little exercise and kept in the shade, yet the violent tendency of blood to the head during the journey, when we were very much exposed to the sun, particularly in

the first year, soon obliged us to renounce all spirituous liquors: we therefore refreshed ourselves with the cool water of the stream, without any addition, from which we never experienced any disagreeable effect, if we immediately again exposed ourselves to the heat. These remarks on regimen we cannot sufficiently recommend to the attention of travellers."

This certainly seems a very safe regimen, which, being no doctor myself, I have thought it better to "crib," as a sentence from a doctor's book on the subject of health has some claims on one's attention. But moderation in living will any where be equally serviceable; and I must add that, personally, I never experienced any evil effects from being out in the middle of the day, or from drinking wine and spirits whenever they were obtainable.

The Brazilians themselves, too, are not so abstemious as the worthy doctors relate; for they drink great quantities of *cachaça*, and are apparently only hindered from eating meat by being in the state which the second clause of Oliver Cromwell's grace-before-meat remarks upon. They eat great quantities of other sorts of food, especially fruit, though that is taken generally in the mornings.

"Rio Janeiro," say Doctors Spix and Martius "is considered one of the more unhealthy cities of Brazil, though it would seem without reason, and the fine nights

there may be enjoyed without any fear of those disorders that follow in many tropical parts."

It is evident that the two doctors have taken their experience of Brazilian moderation from those of the higher classes resident in towns. Those of the lower classes, and especially those residing in remote villages, hardly know the existence of tea, and are too lazy to make coffee. Yet with all their habits of drinking, eating nothing of a substantial kind, and lying in their hammocks till they grow fat from sheer inactivity, the Brazilians do attain to a tolerable longevity, and, if they are without the industry of our northern populations, they certainly lack many of the vices that disgrace our countrymen.

CHAPTER III.

NAVAL MEMS.—BRAZILIAN MEN-OF-WAR—THE BERTIOGA—SHORE BOATS—SKETCH FROM LIFE OF A TRADESMAN—CANOES—FELUCAS—SHARKS AND OTHER DENIZENS OF THE WATERS.

THE anchorage generally chosen by English men-of-war, is opposite the city. Between the ships and the city lies the small island of Cobras, where is H. B. M. Storeyard, governed by a clerk-in-charge, who has a comfortable enough situation. He is in a more independent position than would be the case with him on board ship, and, when the admiral is not in harbour, becomes monarch of all he surveys. He has a neat little house and garden to his own “cheek,” and is generally not deficient in the latter characteristic. His subordinates, the dockyard mateys, are entirely different from their namesakes in England. There are two or three to hand out casks, bales, &c., and a drunken supercargo to set them a good example.

Further up the harbour is the coal-hulk, where men-of-war take in the necessary amount of fuel. Close to is an island, stocked with coal, whence the mail packets are supplied in a handy, expeditious manner. It was

probably found by the government that getting coal from a hulk was more inconvenient than from the island, and therefore they used the hulk. The way of proceeding is as follows. The steamer goes alongside the hulk, and sends her men on board. The men descend into the hold, and hoist up coal in baskets, in which state it is carried on board the steamer. There are some slaves appertaining to the hulk, of the negro race of course, who assist; and, when the steamer's men have been a certain time in the hulk, it is hard to distinguish a natural negro from one created *pro tem.* by the coal-dust; and, when the pleasant sea breeze set in, it wafted coal-dust every where, over decks, cabins, clothes, and faces. Dirt lurked in every whisper of the wind. This hulk is named the "Scotland," and came originally from America. Her captain and crew died of fever, in consequence of which she was bought by a zealous merchant in Rio, who got the contract for supplying the Navy with coal.

Near the said hulk lay a huge Brazilian two-decker, bearing the name of *Dom Pedro Secundo*. She had only lately been built, but was not destined to enjoy a very long lease of life. She was built at Bahia by Brazilian artificers, and was sent from thence to Rio. During that short voyage she rolled so dreadfully as to carry away all her masts, and was considered to have had

quite enough of the sea. She then remained an unsightly mass up the harbour for some time, and was at last sold for the purpose of being broken up. The Brazilian dockyard lies a little way above the island of Cobras, and seemed the essence of untidiness, as far as I could judge from a passing inspection. It is not open to the view of English naval officers, for very substantial reasons.

Without doubt the noblest vessel in the Brazilian service is their double-banked frigate, the *Constitutio*, which once belonged to the Americans, and will be better known to Englishmen as the "Constitution." The Brazilians bought it, and were taken in, as might reasonably have been expected. The vessel was sold as copper-bottomed for a large sum, and when she was dry-docked in England, the Brazilians not having a dry dock of their own, it was discovered that there was just a slip of copper round her below the water-mark, that would lead one to suppose that she was coppered all over, or rather, all under.

Next in rank came the corvettes, vessels of which class are most abundant in the Brazilian navy. One of these, the *Bertioga*, was for some time a sharer of our cruising ground. I once had the pleasure of paying her a visit, and found a strong resemblance between her and a Newcastle collier. She was very "slummy" (naval

term for slovenly) and dirty. Aloft she seemed excessively untidy: ropes' ends flying about, sails badly furled, yards not squared, and ropes not taut. Some men were aloft, looking very uncomfortable, hanging to the slack ropes, that waved and swung about at each roll, with more than landsman-like tenacity. I entered into conversation with an officer on board who spoke a little French, and found that the *Bertioga* had that morning taken some slaves, who were visible on the main deck, men and women together, in a state of nudity. The corvette had that morning chased a brigantine, and was gaining on her, seeing which, the brigantine put some slaves into a canoe, and sent them adrift. While the *Bertioga* was picking them up, the chase ran ashore on Marambya (a long low sandy island off which we were then cruising), and landed the rest of her slaves. The corvette's boats were sent after them, and the stray negroes were eventually recovered.

The crew of the *Bertioga* consisted chiefly of Brazilians and negroes. I saw also some Englishmen on board, who seemed heartily ashamed of their ship, and sneaked about in a pitiful manner, as if the fact of belonging to a Brazilian man-of-war had robbed them of all their courage. The boatswain, a fierce man, out of uniform, dressed in a sort of linsey-woolsey frock, roamed about the decks with a rope's end in his hand,

applying it freely and indiscriminately. The officer with whom I was talking informed me that the corvette had on each side eight twenty-four pounder guns, and one of thirty-two pound, eighteen in all.

Some brigantines, schooners, and steamers, complete the catalogue of ships, which is not so long as Homer's, or so poetical. One of the schooners had been a slaver, and is now about the neatest vessel in the Brazilian navy. The best steamer was the *Don Pedro*, a yacht built for the Emperor's use by an Englishman. Another steamer was the *Urania*, a diminutive vessel, scarcely larger than one of the Greenwich boats, and not so fast, looking more like a squirt worked by steam than a man-of-war. Coal is not much used by the Brazilian steamers, wood being cheaper, and more plentiful.

The chief revenues of the Brazilian government are derived from the custom-house, an immense duty being charged on all foreign articles. English goods, for instance, have to pay a duty of eighty per cent., a most exorbitant price surely, and French goods pay but little less. I was informed, by a person possessed of some experience with regard to the affairs of this government and nation, that one ship of war stationed off the mouth of the harbour to blockade it, would cause in a very short time a general dearth in the town. The entrance is so narrow that one ship could blockade it

effectually, and put a stop to all traffic. In a few days, people would look round, missing their usual resources, and would inquire where all the money was gone to, a proceeding which strikes one as slightly comic.

The shore-boats in this harbour are convenient in their structure, inconvenient in their habits. They generally belong to a Brazilian of some money, who hires or buys two negroes for each boat. They are moored near the Palace Square, just opposite Pharoux's hotel, and never come off to ships in the harbour unless engaged. This habit of never lying alongside on the chance of getting a passenger, renders landing or visiting other ships extremely difficult. These boats are light, and pull well, at night the negroes singing in time to their oars. The charge for a boat to a ship in the harbour is one milree for an officer, for a resident on shore generally two patacs (16d.) as one accustomed to use a boat frequently gets it cheaper. The merchants of the place have private boats, either belonging to them, or let to them for longer periods, and in these are frequently four negroes, more smartly dressed than the two in the common run of boats. With four oars the boats fly along swiftly, and the tradesman, reclining in the stern, whirling the rudder about, in a manner more careless than scientific, and giving his orders, is inclined

to be elevated for the time above his station, through a notion of his new dignity.

These are the English tradesmen, of a high class abroad, who have large shops, that pay *fearfully* well from the high charges for English goods, and the presence of the squadron. One of these tradesmen reminds me of Fame in the *Æneid*:—

——malum quo non aliud velocius ullum
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo
Parva metu primo——
——pedibus celer et pernicious alis,
Monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui quot sunt corpore plumæ
Tot vigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu)
Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.

He begins as a small tradesman, gradually his business increases, and he gains strength by tick. The “*Tot linguæ*” alludes to his skill in languages of course, and if he has not many ears, the length of those he has naturally compensates for the want of more.

He charges enormous prices for his English goods, and lays the blame on the custom-house. But while the custom-house charges 80, he not unfrequently wants 500 per cent. He lets officers, youngsters especially, get into debt further than they wish, and electrifies them by the prices of all their purchases.

If they can't pay, he goes to the captain, and the

youngster has his leave stopped, and the bill deducted from his allowance.

By such means he gets into a flourishing way of business, and supplies gunroom messes with meat and all other necessities, with a fair remuneration to himself. So his customers increase; his shop likewise; and, what is more important, his reputation, and he is contractor to the fleet, and turns many a pretty penny from that occupation. He now flies about in a four-oared boat, as I have described previously, and patronises the midshipmen. He can forgive Jones (aged 14) his little bill of £2, especially as it ought to be ten shillings, and Jones is going home; but as for that Smith (aged 19) who owes £15, and is not going home yet, he has run into debt with his eyes open, and shall be made to pay to the uttermost farthing.

It is perhaps not a regular downright system of dishonesty that induces these habits; it is more the habitual northern desire of getting a penny over, combined with the high prices that exist among the Brazilians, who cheat because they are too lazy to be honest. One of these Englishmen is perhaps honest enough at heart, but he is mortal, and a dun, and—*que voulez-vous?*

The lower class of tradesmen most frequently visit the ships in canoes. The canoes of Rio are more strongly built than those of country places, but should

be avoided except in smooth weather. I had once such experience of danger and misery in one of these vessels, as to warn me from again entering such unstable craft. The bottom was full of water, in which some money was floating. She heeled over so at every stroke of the bow oar and twirl of the stern-paddle, as to menace an overturn. We went sideways across the harbour, like Mr. Winkle's horse, scarce gaining an inch ahead.

These canoes are much in use among cigar-dealers, *et hoc genus omne*. They have a secret locker in the stern where the dealer can place his boxes of cigars, out of sight of the officials who object to such proceedings. One of these cigar-dealers informed me that he was not allowed to bring more than two boxes of cigars with him, and that the canoe was convenient as affording him a place of concealment for the contraband articles.

The canoes seem to belong to small proprietors, who paddle them about, generally hiring a man by the day or month to pull the bow oar, as the paddle is the easier and more dignified of the two implements.

Besides these small craft, there is a large sort of feluccas, that ply across to Braganza. If there is any wind they fly by with their large sails full almost to bursting; but if it is calm, four negroes with heavy oars rise and fall to a monotonous howl, and seem to be using monstrous exertions. There are, moreover, steamers

equal in size to the Thames boats, that run from Rio to Braganza, Botafogo, and Petropolis.

Bathing can be safely carried on in the harbour, notwithstanding the presence of those "tigers of the deep"—the sharks. Perhaps these ravenous creatures are frightened away by the splashing of many men swimming together, but certainly they are not unknown in Rio Janeiro. I remember one night seeing a shark playing round the gangway ladder of the Geyser when anchored here. The sentry went down to "stir it up with a long pole," or rather a boat-hook, but no sooner did he approach the bottom of the ladder, than the shark made a bolt at him, and the frightened "jolly" returned in a more hurried manner. The current in the harbour is also at times very strong, so that the men who bathe have to struggle against more disadvantages than one, as perhaps the sharks might dare to seize hold of a man isolated from the numbers they are supposed to fear. They say that porpoises drive sharks away; and, as there are porpoises frequently visible in the harbour, their presence makes the sharks disappear. This, as Waterton says, is mere conjecture.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. SEBASTIAN—THE PALACE SQUARE—PHAROUX—A LITTLE FREEDOM AND ENLIGHTENMENT—TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE—PASTRY—COOKS—SCENES IN THE PALACE SQUARE—THOSE DEAR BLACKS—WHO KEEP SHOPS IN BRAZIL—FEATHER FLOWERS—A BIRD-FANCIER—GLORIA—MULTOS CASTRA JUVANT.

ON the left side of the harbour lies the city of St. Sebastian. Such is its legitimate name; but, in common with many other Brazilian towns, it has dropped its own name, and assumed that of the bay on whose shores it is situated. In the same manner we have the towns of Bahia and Espirito Santo. From a distance, the whiteness of its houses gives this city a clean and neat appearance, but its beauty is only external. The chief landing-place is at a wooden jetty in the Palace Square, on approaching which your hopes of cleanliness vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision. All the filth of the town is flung into the water near this pier, and apparently the tide does not penetrate so far; for the water is nearly stagnant, and filled with floating abominations. In consequence, a most unpleasant odour pervades the neighbourhood; and, as I had to wait off this pier in the beef-boat for two

hours every afternoon, I may be fairly said to have received an undue share of these horrors.

When you come to the jetty, you see in front a large unsightly building, much like a barrack. This is the Palace, with a needless number of guards parading about. On your left is a finer building, Pharoux's hotel, which might well be mistaken for the palace, were it not too dignified in outward show for the abode of a foreign dignitary. The exterior of this hotel is more imposing than the interior, which is sadly deficient in cleanliness and accommodation. The "saloon" is generally crammed with naval officers, merchants' clerks, and Americans. A good deal of business is transacted here, in the eating and drinking line. On asking for a cold chicken, I have seen the waiter hoist one *by its legs* from a large dish where it had been reposing in the company of others of its class, and place it on a plate for my use. Possibly this hotel has been degraded to the level of Americans, many of whom flock here constantly. You hear them bragging with that vile twang that converts the English into the Yankee tongue. They talk always about bowie-knives and revolvers, guessing and calculating, and "Gawd darn."

One American, who called himself purser of the U. S. brig of war *Bainbridge*, signalized himself especially by committing a murder in the hotel. The young woman

who sat at the bar, and kept the books, was married to the cook, an Italian, who treated her ill, beating her very frequently. The consequence was that the woman wore an unhappy air, and, being generally tired in the evening, added sleepiness to unhappiness. The American resolved to take up her quarrel; and, seeing her crying once, remarked to an English officer that if he saw her crying again, he'd settle her husband—that he had a bowie-knife under his waistcoat that would do for him effectually. On this the Englishman inquired:

“Do you call yourself an officer in the American navy?”

“I calkilate I do;” answered the Yankee with some surprise, not seeing that the Englishman was somewhat a stranger to Americans, and might not know whether their officers were supposed to be gentlemen or not.

“Then all I can say is, that you're a disgrace to your profession!”

The American meditated for some time whether he should use the bowie-knife on this provocation, but finally he responded:

“Wall, stranger, if I've offended you, I beg your pardon, but—p'raps you'll take a glass of brandy and watarr!”

One day the Italian cook was sitting in the bar, with his wife by his side, when the American entered.

Thinking that his former interposition in the wife's favour warranted some familiarity with her, the American walked up to her, and took some liberties that no husband would allow; on which the Italian knocked the American down. The American rose and went out; coming in soon after, and finding the Italian still there, he walked up to him, drew forth his revolver and lodged three bullets in his brain. On this the Italian died, naturally enough, and his wife fainted away, more naturally still; while the murderer was taken into custody, and sentenced to hard labour for life. Capital punishment does not prevail much in Brazil. I have only heard of one case, where a slave was hanged, the execution being conducted in a most barbarous manner. The poor wretch was hanged two or three times over ineffectually, before life was extinct.

Pharoux, the owner of this hotel, is a Frenchman, and was originally one of Napoleon's cooks. His hotel, though large and well attended, has not been able to save him from ruin. But his bankruptcy has not been caused by insufficiency of customers, but by negligence in the issue of small notes, worth threepence each. In Rio de Janeiro it is the custom of all large companies to issue their own bank-notes, most of which are for a hundred and twenty reis, threepence. The tickets for

crossing from Rio to Braganza in steamers are available as bank-notes in Rio. Fancy paying for any household article with a first-class ticket to Exeter! The hotel is now carried on for the creditors. It is large enough, and its bedrooms are well fitted. There are also hot baths at the back, to get to which you have to pass through a stable. Thus French neatness and elegance strives with Brazilian lack of civilisation. Some prefer the Hotel l'Europe, in the Rue d'Ouvidor, as being cleaner and cheaper; but it is rather out of the way for naval men, while Pharoux stands exactly at the point where shore-boats are procurable.

While waiting at the wooden jetty for beef, I had ample opportunities for observing the representatives of each nation, passing by or lounging about. The negroes predominated. First, were negro girls going to the fountain, or negro porters lounging about with baskets on their heads, waiting for employment. Next negro girls in service, promenading about the streets with trays of cakes and sweetmeats on their heads, light pastry of the richest kind being manufactured by their mistresses, and hawked about the street by the servant for their lady's benefit. Some ladies are reported to have made considerable sums by this traffic. Imagine the introduction of such a custom into England. Think of Mrs. Manvers making Bath

buns with her own fair hands, sending Mary Ann or Sarah to sell them in Curzon Street, or more humble thoroughfares, and making the maid accountable for their value. There would certainly be a revolution among the servants. Those who are presuming enough as it is, would never submit to such a "houtridge;" and what would the policemen say? But, on the other hand, *Punch* would make his fortune.

Next come negroes, trotting along to the tune of a loud monotonous howl, with a heavy cask hanging from a pole that runs from shoulder to shoulder of the group. And then are old women with private speculations of their own, in the shell and insect line, from which they do not seem to derive much profit.

So runs the black tide of life; how goes the white? First comes the pompous Brazilian grandee, with a wonderful amount of pride *gratis*, as he has nothing to be proud of. A beggar accosts him, asking for alms, to which he returns the stately answer, "absolutamente nada!" absolutely nothing. The long rolling swell of the "absolutamente" ushers in the humble "nada," just as the pomposity of the Brazilian precedes the man himself in his utter worthlessness. Another Brazilian, a choleric testy old gentleman, the very image of the celebrated Mr. Briggs, amused himself one day by thrashing a wretched negro porter with a thick

stick, laying it about his head and shoulders. The negro uttered a howl like that of a cur, and fled, the Brazilian edition of Briggs actually running after him and striking out. There must have been some dreadful provocation given to make a Brazilian run! It is certainly the only time that I ever saw like activity displayed by one of that race.

Philanthropists, on coming to this passage, will probably half shut the book, and, turning to their intelligent family, remark, "You will here observe one of the most lamentable effects of that most cursed system, slavery. It will be perfectly clear to you, John Thomas, and to you, George William, with your classical and historical learning, that such a state of things could not by any possibility exist in any other state of society. We have doubly cause for being thankful that we dwell in a Christian land, where such outrages are merely a matter of non-existence, and would cause a feeling of horror throughout the land if perpetrated within it." Hereupon philanthropists put my book aside, and turn to *The Times* of to-day, where they read cases of wife-beating, and sundry other brutalities, committed by the free, enlightened, and civilized inhabitants of our Christian metropolis.

At the right-hand corner of the Palace Square runs the Rue Direita, one of the largest and best paved

streets in Rio de Janeiro. The cathedral stands next to the palace, and at the entrance of this street. The Rue Direita, as the cleanest street in the town, is the resort of most English shopkeepers. Large wholesale houses lie at one end, but the smaller shops, or general stores, are near the cathedral. An English shop in one of the regions

“Where things familiar cease, and strange begin,”

(that is, out of England, since we find strange enough things at Boulogne, without going any farther) is in general stored with a very miscellaneous assortment of goods. Wines and spirits, groceries, books, draperies, fruits fresh and preserved, paper and pickles, stationery and salad oil, English and foreign goods, are all mixed together. The bulk of shopkeepers in Rio are either English or French, the Brazilians being frequently too lazy to keep shop or do any such arduous business. But when they do keep shops they feel like the man, who, having made a resolution never to go into a public house, was so much pleased with himself for once passing one without entering, that he immediately rewarded himself by turning back and going in. The Brazilian says, “Well, I have opened a shop, I ought to be rewarded,” and compensates himself by affixing immense prices to the commonest articles. I scarcely exaggerate

when I say that their lowest price is a milree, which seems among them to answer to a shilling or sixpence in England. I remember visiting a showy shop kept by a Brazilian, full of humming-birds, feathers in the shape of fans or domestic ornaments, shells, &c. After asking the price of some of the more gaudy articles, and finding it was absurdly disproportionate to their merits, not wishing to go without buying something, I inquired the value of a small shell, such as you might pick up on the beach any day, which if any one would give you a penny for you would think yourself in luck. "Hum milree senor!" was the answer.

The Rue d'Ouvidor, turning out of the Rue Direita and running at right angles to it, is the fashionable street; it is narrow, many of the paving stones have vanished, leaving behind holes unsightly and awkward, and a gutter runs down it in the middle. But the *trottoirs* on each side are neat and well kept, and there is no lack of handsome shops, after the pattern of those on the Boulevards. Here gold and silver ornaments of the person flashed through the glass, and here the light from within displays cut glass bottles and perfumes, whose bright colours borrow an additional lustre from the gleam of the lamps, refracted as it is from the exquisite carving of the bottles that contain them. Here humming-birds glowed, as if containing inward

fire that burned through, and inspired their most brilliant tints.

There are some few booksellers' shops in this street. The books kept there are exclusively French, with just the exception of the Tauchnitz editions of English authors, and here and there a solitary Byron or Milton, gibbeted in an octavo by the printers who appertain to Messrs. Galignani and Baudry. All Englishmen have been to Paris, and consequently all Englishmen must know that every volume of the Tauchnitz collection is marked "half a thaler, 1s. 6d." But only Englishmen who have travelled farther than Paris know the marvellous powers of expansion possessed by the said half thaler.

"Half a thaler," said the Brazilian shopman turning to the back of the volume, on being asked its price, "Half a thaler, *dat is*, milree naf!" A milree and a half amounted at that time to three shillings and ninepence,—a slight advancement on half a thaler.

As you proceed along the Rue d'Ouvidor you come to the establishment of Madame Dubois, the principal manufacturer of feather flowers in Rio. She succeeded Madame Finot only lately, and in consequence her shop is still known as Madame Finot's, and talked of as such. On entering her shop, you find the front part devoted to selling flowers, and the back part to their manufacture.

The cases on the walls and in the windows were full of the most beautiful flowers, orange wreaths, and wreaths of white speckled with blue, pink carnations, and snowy camelias. Then there were stuffed birds, from the toucan with his huge bill, to the most delicate humming-birds, whose crests and bosoms shone with scarlet or molten gold. One or two birds of paradise were perched on the highest roosts, their long graceful feathers drooping down like the boughs of a weeping willow. In the back part of the shop was a long bar, behind which numerous young girls were employed in making up the flowers, twisting, cutting, and gumming away vigorously. There were heaps of feathers before them, one heap being devoted to each colour. It is really surprising how such delicate materials can be managed so skilfully, especially as the flowers are not dyed, like those at Madeira, but separate feathers are gummed together to produce each effect. By having the process of manufacture in public, Madame Dubois offers a material guarantee, the absence of dyeing materials showing you that the flowers are honestly made from vari-coloured feathers. The *dames de comptoir* were generally quadroons, and, though darker even than Spanish girls, were not of necessity prettier. There is an English *demoiselle* retained here to attend English visitors, and her office seems no sinecure.

The prices of the flowers are various. Carnations, being the most common, are sold for a milree each; but in the other kinds of flowers, Madame Dubois generally charges too highly for the pockets of midshipmen. The birds cost generally ten shillings a dozen: there are some "extra super" humming-birds sold at three milrees each, and the birds of paradise cost twenty milrees. Among the dozen birds that I purchased, were several humming-birds, some paroquets, and some that belonged to the "finches of the grove;" Portuguese indeed call them *bentivees*, but Englishmen "banana-birds."

I believe the only articles of Brazilian fancy manufacture exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851, were feather flowers. They are certainly the most important. The next in importance are silver ornaments, more remarkable for their massiveness than for their elegance. They seem in great use in the town, from the number of shops in whose windows they are displayed: but we bought them generally as you would buy an Indian spear, or the ring that once graced the nose of an unreclaimed savage. One of the chief silver manufactures was a pair of brace buckles, heavy and expensive, weighing about five ounces, and costing five or six dollars. It certainly seemed a strange style of ornament, that would only be worn by a waistcoat-

less individual. Silver brace buckles and no waistcoat would look as strange as a necklace of diamonds over a dressing-gown.

At the head of the Rue d'Ouvidor stands the opera, in the square that borrows its name and patronage. Just as the "Geyser" left the station, this opera-house was burnt down, and we left an English speculator about to construct an iron one in its place, the Brazilians being, I suppose, willing to sacrifice majesty at the shrine of cheapness and durability.

After Madame Dubois, another vender of feather flowers and birds deserves notice. This man, a Mr. Youd, manages to sell those commodities at a much lower rate, without their deserving to be classed among the "cheap and nasty." I landed with him once in a canoe, at some stone steps further up the harbour than the Palace Square, near an open space tenanted by negroes, and smelling abominably of a complication of bad fruit, bad fish, and bad vegetables. Passing along the Rue Direita by the substantial houses of the chief English merchants, that somewhat resembled the wholesale warehouses in Paternoster Row, we diverged into some narrow dirty little back slums, and reached his door. A flight of ricketty creaking steps led up to his *sanctum sanctorum*. The unsteadiness of the stairs, that threatened to break down at every step,

recalled to my mind vague anecdotes about the secret dens of robbers, and I was half in apprehension lest some secret trapdoor should suddenly fall beneath, and consign my body to unfathomable depths. At last we came to the top, the screeching of parrots giving a sure indication of the neighbourhood of a bird-fancier's shop, and one or two of those birds outside a door showed that we had reached our destination. The room when the door was opened presented to my view a strange exhibition of lumber. All its sides were blocked up with heaps of lumber, a narrow space being left for entrance, and slight standing-room in the middle. Boxes of cigars, boxes of birds ready for stuffing, cases of insects and feather flowers, and rolls of pictures, were the chief ingredients of the stores that choked up the room.

Some parrots, dragging about with them a chain fastened round one of their legs, were hopping and cawing about the room; but Mr. Youd, without ceremony, kicked them out in a literal sense by the application of his foot, to prevent them from biting my legs. They were however too hardy for the kicks to produce any visible impression upon them.

I then proceeded to look over the saleables. There were some fairly executed pictures, plain and coloured, of the harbour and town of Rio de Janeiro with the

environs, but they were far too dear. They were correctly enough drawn, but they by no means reproduced the matchless tints of the tropic scenery. The plain ones of course could not do so, and the coloured ones were mere vulgar daubs. The birds in this room were mostly poor specimens, but Mr. Youd said I was a day too early. To-morrow he expected a new and magnificent assortment of birds, and indeed he wondered they had not come to-day. It was such a pity I had not waited one day longer!

But by far the most curious portions of his stock were some flowers manufactured from the scales and eyes of fishes, sprinkled with glass beads. In a ball-room at night they would have all the beauty of tinsel, and would flash with uncommon splendour. These flowers are almost entirely made at St. Catharine's, an island between Rio and Monte Video, chiefly celebrated for the quantity of beautiful shells that come from thence to Rio.

About a mile from the Palace Square lies the suburb of Gloria, where are some public gardens, open without any fee, and worth seeing. There are no rarities in them, but there are some cool shady walks, fountains playing, and a terrace whence you look down on the sea, that comes rattling in among the pebbles below like a cage of rattlesnakes. The walk from the Palace

Square hither is by no means pleasant, leading alternately through miserable streets and deep sandy parts, by low shabby houses, and by large ugly buildings. There is a landing-place for boats in the bay of Gloria, just under the minister's residence, which in fine weather answers well enough, and saves an unpleasant walk. But in rough weather there is such a surf here, that, in editorial language, the landing-place is "not available." The most comfortable way of going to Gloria is in a caleche, but this you will find dear; for though the distance is only a mile, the charge will be a milree. The one-horse caleches jolt fearfully, and have only room for one person, who sits by the side of the driver, the vehicle being a gig with a hood to it. The two-horse conveyances are more comfortable, being closed, and accommodating four personages, but their price is raised in a greater degree than their convenience. The average charge for a one-horse caleche is a milree per mile for short distances, with some little discount taken off after the first mile. I believe I went five miles for three milrees once, that is, seven-and-sixpence, a sum which even a cabman in England would be shy of charging. There are moreover lumbering omnibuses, or rather omnibi, that run from Rio into the country; but these I always shunned as seeming springless, unpainted, and shady. It is best, if you have any journey to make, to

go by water where it is practicable. You can go to Botafogo more cheaply in one of the steamers than on horseback. You can get a shore-boat for a milree, however far you wish to go, and the boats are much cleaner and pleasanter than the caleches. Walking is not agreeable in the tropics, and the roads are generally very dusty.

There are some barracks, or rather soldiers' huts, on the road to Gloria, in front of which stands a guard looking foolish—like a guard, in fact. The doors of these dwellings were always open, and the soldiers were never more than half dressed, nor always so far advanced. We had therefore the opportunity gratuitously afforded us of inspecting their linen and wardrobes, which did not seem particularly cleanly. What respect can the population have for soldiers whose dirty shirts and bad habits are thus continually shown to them! What an opening is here for a democratic disquisition on the fate of kings!

CHAPTER V.

BRING FORTH THE HORSE—HORSES AND MULES—DON WHISKERANDO
—BOTANICAL GARDENS—JOHN BULL ABROAD—NEARLY A SHIP-
WRECK — COFFER-DAM — REPAIRING LEAKS — BRAGANZA—THE
PIRATICAL NATION.

IF you want a ride out of Rio, terminated by an inspection of something worth seeing, go to the Botanical Gardens. Your first step is to procure yourself a horse, which is done by going to Morrell's in the Opera Square, and being cheated. The proper price for an afternoon's ride is three milrees; but you may think yourself lucky if you are not charged five. However there is no alternative, as Morrell's is the only place where horses are let out to midshipmen.

The hacks in Rio are generally of an inferior kind. I saw only one that had any pretensions to excellence, but that one was really magnificent. It belonged to an English horse-dealer, and was of English breed. Its master let out inferior beasts by the day, and reserved that one for his own especial use. The mules are finer animals to look on than the horses, and they have frequently more spirit in them; but they are vicious and spiteful, and will frequently, when your ride is over and

you are walking away, aim a parting kick at you. They are all branded, and kept clipped and trim, while the horses are overgrown with extraneous hairs.

On going to Morrell's for my horse, I found the master of the greatest number of hacks in Rio conversing with a tall stranger with "luxuriant hair, whiskers, &c.," as the advertising columns have it. The &c. probably referred to his conversation, which was remarkably fluent. He spoke English like a native, and acted as an interpreter between me and Morrell. He seemed an oracle on all matters, knew every thing and every body, talked about the minister, whom he designated shortly and familiarly as "H——," and said he was intimately acquainted with him, as much so probably as with the horse-dealer. Morrell had a notion that I was going to the Botanical Gardens, and would not let a horse go that distance for less than five milrees, but at last he relented, and took four.

Once out of the town, I set off at a quick pace along the road that, winding along past the suburb of Gloria, led to the picturesque village of Botafogo. This village is situated at the head of a lake-like bay, shut out and secluded from the rest of the harbour. The white cleanly houses are screened by trees, that form an avenue along the street. Nothing was stirring throughout the village. I alighted at the door of a little café, and

entered. There was a nice little garden at the back for dining in, but no display of any thing inside save a few bottles of wine and syrup. In one shop window I noticed some fans of a remarkable kind, strongly made of straw, and in shape much resembling the back view of a frying-pan. They were somewhat coarsely plaited, and cost only a penny each. I now continued my journey to the Botanical Gardens, at a rapid canter, that frequently merged in a gallop, and seldom sank into a trot. The noonday heat was just now excessive, and no sea-breeze had yet sprung up. Here the Corcovado rose menacingly above the road, sloping up from the ground till it attained its giant height, its sides covered with trees, whose leaves were motionless.

The country round Rio borrows but little of the polish which a large city usually affords to its neighbouring places. I found, within a very few miles of the town, a country shop, that I should have thought uncivilized if situated in some of the small bays we visited. I wished to purchase some bananas of a peculiar quality that hung in the window of this shop, and tendered a small silver coin in payment. But the man was ignorant of its value, and would not take it, being only accustomed to meet with milree notes and copper pieces. Just before you arrive at the Botanical Gardens stands a way-side inn, where you can put up your horse. The hostess was French,

and when I, restored from a parched state by a glass of wine and water, ordered something to eat, she pressed upon me either *rosbif* or *biftek*. Evidently she was one of those people who fancy all Englishmen are as fat, red-faced, and apoplectic, as the pictorial John Bull. Failing in her endeavours to persuade me to partake of these national dishes, which could hardly be eaten even by an Englishman, in the middle of a scorching tropical day, she brought me some soup, with an inch of grease floating on the top, and some doubtful vegetables, of adamantine hardness, below. After this singular meal I walked on to the Botanical Gardens, which were only a few steps beyond.

Passing through the gate, the first step led me into a broad avenue of stately palms, that spread their huge leaves out above, each casting a delicate shade upon the earth at their feet. The gardens are well laid out, and there were smoothly shaven banks, under the shadow of luxuriant foliage, to tempt one to repose. The most really curious things I saw were some moss summer-houses, most fancifully constructed, with seats inside, of an artificial rudeness, where the delightful coolness of a thick forest prevailed. I wandered about the garden in solitude, admiring the flowers and the pieces of water, but feeling as much alone as I may suppose Adam felt before he had a partner to whom he might point out

what he most admired in his garden. Moreover, being no botanist, I did not know which flowers ought to be most admired; and I fear that I often went into raptures at the sight of a beautiful flower, when I ought to have been gazing at an ugly one, that had the merit of being scarce. The same reason hinders me from giving a long catalogue, with a due proportion of Latin names, of the flowers in the garden, which I really regret my inability to construct. There is, however, a simple alternative for my botanical readers. Let them imagine a number of Latin names; they will find that quite as interesting as if I had retailed them, and such things are better imagined than described, as novelists say.

As I rode back, the sea breeze sprang up, and shed a fresh life into the landscape. Every thing was now in motion. The birds sang, and the trees that clothed the side of the Corcovado waved their rustling branches. Two little lakes that I had passed before, lying still as glass, were now covered with white shreds and patches of foam; white little waves broke among the rushes, as if in mimicry of ocean's billows. The chain of mountains that runs behind the town of Rio had to be passed in returning, and I rode through a mountain gorge, with the Sugarloaf on one side, and the Corcovado on the other, which seemed the portal of a new world.

I will here introduce a chapter on an event that,

though taking place among the islands, led us to Rio. This being a chapter within a chapter, needs no separate numbering, but is prefaced by a suitable quotation :

When ship meets rock, then comes the tug of war.

OLD PLAY (*upon words.*)

Ere we had been a month on the station, an accident happened that materially shortened our stay in these parts. This was no other than a sudden meeting with a sunken rock, which one we “kissed” as a ball at billiards kisses another, and which sliced one or two of our planks away in a most unexpected manner.

Briefly, the facts were these : We had anchored off Villa Grande the night before, and weighed early in the morning. As we went along at a good rate, about eight knots an hour, with full steam power and in smooth water, a sudden shock made the vessel heel over, threw C—— off the locker on which he had been reposing, and awakened the purser by sending some water through the port into his face.

The injury was at first thought to be slight, but was soon discovered to be quite the reverse. The captain sent for the engineer, and asked if he could undertake to keep the ship afloat by means of the engine pumps till we got to Rio ; if not, he would run her ashore. The engineer replying that he would answer for the

pumps, we set off full speed towards Rio, with all our pumps going.

We also had a sail fothered for the purpose of drawing it tightly over the leak, and by that means keeping the water out. Any one who stood on the troop deck near the leak, might hear the sound of the water coming in like the roar of a cataract.

On arriving at Rio our first proceeding was to lighten the vessel of stores, sails, tanks, and spars. A negro diver came from the shore to go down and examine the state of the planks, and his report was humorous and distressing.

He leapt out of a canoe, and plunged downwards. After he had disappeared for some time, he came up, and when the due amount of coughing, gasping, and panting was over, he cried out:—

“Ver bad! ver bad! I think it no good for go to sea now!” This was not much information, but then followed a long piece of Portuguese, accompanied by some vigorous tearing and clawing the air, which was found out to signify that the planks were quite rotten, and that the man had torn away a good deal with his hands.

We next got a pilot to take us to a sandy bay named Punto d’Area, lying near Braganza, and under a mountain known by the name of Sir Sidney Smith’s Mount.

It is rumoured that this mountain, with the bay adjoining, was given to Sir Sidney by the Brazilian government, and that he offered it to our own government to use as a place for a dockyard if they liked, but they declined. There is now a factory here belonging to an Englishman, named Dobson, who has built some steamers for the Brazilian navy.

We crossed over to this bay, and just as we entered stuck on a bank. It seemed that the man engaged as pilot knew nothing about the place, and when reproached, he took all the vials of wrath poured on his head with dejection but composure.

We now at once went to work to stop the leaks with the utmost despatch. We got an iron lump or lighter from the shore, put a spare anchor and some of our guns into it, and hove the vessel as far down as she would go. The starboard side, being that which had received all the injury, was as much lightened as possible.

Meanwhile the carpenters were on shore constructing a coffer-dam. The sailmaker was equipped in the diving dress supplied by government to the clerk in charge of stores at Cobras, which consists of heavy clothing, heavier boots, and a helmet, with large glass eyes, into the top of which is screwed the hose that supplies the man inside with fresh air. He is then

lowered down by a rope, of course sinking naturally from the immense weight of his attire, while two men continue to pump fresh air to him.

He took with him some pieces of wood, wherewith to measure the extent of the different leaks, and how they were situated, so that the coffer-dam might be made of the same angle precisely as the run of the ship, and might be closely fitted to the side. When he had finished these operations, he shook the rope and was pulled up.

The coffer-dam was a sort of box without a top, and wanting a fourth side. Its dimensions were:—

Length	20 feet.
Breadth	6 feet.
Depth	10 feet.

When it was finished, which took place in about a week, and got alongside, hawsers were placed under the ship's bottom, and fastened to the bottom of the coffer-dam, to keep it down, and firmly fixed to the side. To keep it up we had our runners and the fish tackle, while there were two fore and aft hawsers to keep it in its place.

When fixed alongside, it was pumped out by means of fire-engine pumps, men also helping to bale it out with buckets. When completely empty, and apparently

glued to the ship's side, it seemed to be an empty coverless box, with the ship acting as its fourth side.

The carpenters then went down, put a new plank in the first leak, caulked and coppered it. Then the diver went down, and scrutinized the second leak. The cofferdam was again altered, and fitted to the second leak, the same process as regards repair being gone through as before. In like manner the third leak, and then all was finished. They were not mended, however, quite effectually, for some of the oakum was wet, and they let in a little water ever after.

Once during our stay at Punto d'Area, I paid a visit to Braganza. Walking round Sir Sidney Smith's Mount, we came to the neat village, and entered an hotel to play a game of billiards. We were attracted thither by the gate posts, on which were painted two billiard cues crossed diagonally, with two billiard balls above.

Going in, we found a fat and good-humoured French lady in the billiard room, through the medium of whom and our purses we got a bottle of sherry and the use of the table. While we enjoyed our game the French woman, who doubtless considered that by lending her helping hand she had earned the privilege of freely criticizing our movements and looks, commented on every thing connected with us, from our age downwards. After the billiards we went to get some dinner, and

became acquainted with the master of the "hotel," who was also a Frenchman. We had some conversation together, in the course of which, after touching on various topics, we got to the Slave-trade, on which subject he grew vehement, and, taking up the last number of a Brazilian paper, showed us an article wherein the English were stigmatized as robbers, pirates, cut-throats, and what not, because the Harpy had taken a vessel which the Brazilians obstinately chose to consider a legal trader. The hotel-keeper shouted out "Pirates, Pirates, Inglezel!" nor did we contradict him, as it saved a "world of voice" to agree.

After dinner we sallied forth to a horse-keeper's, for the purpose of procuring quadrupeds, and found there was but one horse obtainable. We tossed up for the horse with a sovereign that wanted changing, but could not find its proper level. The beast fell to my companion's lot, and I had to content myself with a mule. But when we got into the country, the mule was discovered to be the possessor of nobler qualities than the horse, whose stubbornness brought our ride to a premature end. For after one stick had been broken on its back without producing beneficial results, it was thought expedient to turn back.

The landlord wanted us to sleep at his hotel, and got insufferably prosy in attempting to persuade us. First,

there were no boats here ! We were going to Ponto d'Area. He changed his tone, and endeavoured to impress on our minds the several facts that there were good beds at his house, and that it was very dangerous for us to walk to Ponto d'Area at that time of night. He mentioned the excited state of the feelings of the inhabitants, the lonely walk, and the comforts of his hotel, then recurring to the paper, he cried out "Pirates, Pirates, Inglezc !" which put us to flight.

By moonlight we walked to the place desired, nor did we tremble at

"Motæ ad lunam arundinis umbram."

It was a long time after this visit ere I again went to Braganza ; but when I did revisit it, I was seized by this fearful bore again. While he was prosing, a stranger, tall and *distingué*, passed the window, nodding to the hotel-keeper in his way. I asked who the person was, and he said it was an Englishman, who was the captain of a slave vessel, and had made seven successful trips to the coast. The stranger was a fit subject for romance, being tall and slender, with light and curling whiskers, and the *tout ensemble* of a darling pirate, or a Captain Canot.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE—OUT IN THE COUNTRY—A LITTLE SLAVERY
—WASHERWOMEN—A BEAUTIFUL SITUATION—ENGLISH AND
FOREIGN SCENERY—THE CORCOVADO—VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT—
APPEARANCE OF A TIGER—THE AQUEDUCT.

It happened that a friend of mine was minister at this court, or rather, to use the technical terms, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. It is the usual custom with travellers to puff the people who have entertained them while abroad, and I will not be the first to depart from an established habit that is to the full as honoured as any of our national institutions. “The Right Hon. —, C.B., was, during the time of my visit to Rio de Janeiro, installed in the honourable post of ambassador, and had received from her Majesty the Order of the Bath. Although no peer, this gentleman contrived to maintain the dignity of England in a suitable manner. To say that the slave trade had suffered many diminutions during his term of power, is to say what all the world is acquainted with. To say that, under his auspices, the Brazilian government was induced to take strong measures for the suppression of that nefarious traffic in human flesh that has

so long disgraced the Brazilian nation, is but to give him due praise. In addition to his noble town residence at Gloria, in which dinners and repasts of a sumptuous nature are often given, he has a small country residence some miles from town, to which any people are welcome to go, being certain to be received with due hospitality. I am not betraying any secrets, or leading people to expect more than they will receive by this merited eulogium, since the right hon. gentleman has now quitted the Brazils, and therefore

‘Praise and blame
Fall on his ear alike.’”

Such is the strain in which it was necessary I should write, as a traveller.

Being invited by the minister to spend a few days at his country residence, I left the “*Geyser*” at an early hour, the noonday heat being prejudicial to riding. All things in the tropics begin to stir at an uncomfortably early time, so that, on landing at six a.m., I found the shops open, and business in active progress. I went with a negro to an English horse-dealer in a small street adjoining the Rue d’Ouvidor. This person was a man of some money, who had some good horses for landmen, and some bad ones for naval officers. Ordinarily he did not let horses to the Navy, but could be induced to relent. As Mr. H—— had left orders with him to supply

me with a horse, he kindly provided me with the worst he had, on my proving my identity. I rode out of the town with a "nigger" for a guide and porter.

Hoisting my carpet-bag into the basket that rested on his head, the negro set forth at a round trot through the streets. We passed through Gloria, and then quitting the town, left behind us all knowledge of the road to be pursued. The world was all before us where to choose, and the negro did not like to have the responsibility of the choice. He therefore, wisely enough, lagged behind. Being forewarned as to his ignorance, I had "got up" a sentence of Portuguese to be fired off at the head of any one I met, and I here transcribe it as I delivered it, not vouching for the grammar or spelling:

"Adonde viva il ministro Ingleze?"

I found this sentence very serviceable.

We passed through the little village of Laranjeiras, with its white houses and dark foliage in the background, where I saw a pretty tableau in front of a noble mansion. A diminutive negro boy dressed like a page, sat playing with a large dog. The boy's round chubby face seemed as contented as the dog's body, that was alive with delight. The joyous wagging of the tail in a half-subdued manner, the briskness of his yawns, and the hanging tongue that licked his companion's hand, showed that the animal was steeped in pleasure from

head to foot, half-dreamy pleasure, such as the lotus-eaters could have entered into.

If I am so unfortunate as to have any Americans of the pro-slavery class for my readers, I feel certain that they will point to this passage, and deduce from thence proofs of the beneficial results of slavery. They will point to England, and say, "Look at your labourers' sons, are they petted and well-treated like this slave? Have not they hard work, little food, no education? Are not they liable to tyranny from every body?" &c. &c. &c., to the length that Americans can go in reasoning. But one petted child is a poor offset against hundreds of men, beaten and ill-used. The same boy, when he grows up, will probably be set to harder work than that to which English labourers are subject, and will be the more unfitted for it from his early training. A man whose life must be spent in hard labour, would be better trained for it by exertions, than by luxury in his youth. Let the American "ladies" say what they will about "white slavery," and the condition of our milliners and dressmakers, the misery in England is caused only by a class, that in America is caused by a nation. In America, it is misery legalized; in England it comes from poverty, and is altogether independent of the State. We do what we can to remedy it; in America they prefer to do nothing.

Leaving the village behind, I came into a broad sandy road, on one side of which ran a purling stream, broken to music by the stones in its course. Some women were hard at work washing linen in this brook, and I was amused by an inspection of their proceedings. They take their place by a good-sized rock, and after sousing the linen thoroughly, commence to thump it upon the rock with as much energy as a schoolmaster employs towards his pupils. They then lay the clothes on the rock, and pound them with a smaller stone, as if they were braying them in a mortar. No wonder that linen does not stand many such washings, but goes into premature decay and rags. Water has the same effect on linen in the Brazils, as gin and water has on men and women in another country.

While I stopped here, my guide came up, having joined a band of compatriots, with whom he raised a sing-song chorus, that did not sound like one of Uncle Tom's favourite methodist hymns. They advanced in a jog-trot, that made my carpet bag dance and rattle in the basket, where it was placed aloft. This basket did not seem in a good state of preservation, and looked at any time ready to let my goods fall through one of the innumerable holes in its fabric.

A sudden turn up a steep and rugged bank, where there was barely room for the horse's feet, led us off the

main road into a broad path, with trees around, that conducted to my destination.

The beauty and freshness of the morning had invested all things with new life. The leaves were greener, and the path more cheerful; the birds sang merrily around, the humming-birds dazzled the eye by their rapid flight, and their colours that glittered in the sun. Butterflies of every tint hovered about, and the harsh whistle of the large-winged beetle resounded sharply through the woods. Now was the time when the morn was in its dewy freshness, when the beams of the sun had not attained full power, and shone only without scorching. Idleness and rejoicing seemed to be the order of the day. What a pleasant contrast to England!

As I rode on, each turn of the path presented new beauties. At one time I beheld the giant mountain frowning down upon me, its bare rocky summit bursting through the green foliage, like the Beast when he appeared from among the flowery thickets to the astonished father of Beauty. Anon I saw a white cottage peeping from among palm leaves and coffee shrubs, or a valley with a thin white line of streamlet running through it amongst the clusters of palms, that—

“Broad at base, and tap’ring upwards, did extend their leafy arms.”

The broad path ended by a gateway, passing through which I came to the minister's residence, that bears the name of "The Spot." It is not large, being only a cottage, but so exquisitely situated that one cannot wonder if the minister preferred its retirement to the

"Fumum et opes strepitumque Riotis,"

which I suppose would be the genitive case of Rio.

"The Spot" is situated on a flat, halfway up a hill, and a valley runs beneath it to the sea, between two mountain ridges, that, not being parallel, render the valley quite narrow at the furthest point from the cottage, and give only a limited view of the harbour. At the back of "The Spot" appears the peak of the Corcovado. In one corner of the grounds that appertain to it, is a large rock, hollowed out to form a bath, and on the summit of this rock stands an enormous tree, overshadowing a nook composed by an angle of the rock, and allowing a shower bath to be suspended from one of its branches. In the bottom of the valley below the cottage a streamlet ran, and was caught in a stone reservoir, that was being made into a swimming bath.

The walks about were most beautiful, under the shade of trees heavy with fruit, among bushes dotted with red coffee-berries, or where the cactus came coursing down over huge boulders. Although I am obstinately addicted

to admiring English scenery, yet the novelty of this tropical richness was perfectly fascinating. Why all English people should underrate their own country, and boast that she possesses no scenery or natural attractions, I cannot imagine. It seems rather the fashion at present for Englishmen to abuse England. Squallen, who is a great friend of mine, is always attacking England, and considers that she can have no honour or beauty to boast of, if placed alongside any other country. Not only is she personally inferior to all other nations, but her sons are equally so. Squallen's reasons for this disparagement are obvious. He considers himself an average specimen of his countrymen.

In one of these walks I was cutting a stick, when a swarm of ants crept up me to see what I was, and I felt them all biting at once, all over. These were the small red ants, whose bite is remarkably acute; the black ants are larger, and of them I cannot speak from experience. You see them sometimes crawling along obscured by a leaf twice their size, under which they walk in the shade, invisible to mortal eye.

A short distance from "The Spot" was the commencement of the aqueduct that runs into Rio. The water runs down from the Corcovado, and is received into a sort of stone trench. Men were at work here, hewing out stone and forming basins for the water to run through.

Mounting above them, I came to where the water was rushing down in its self-made channel, leaping from rock to rock, while some loitered behind, and became domesticated in a little pool or cranny. These latter are the curates and country incumbents, who retreat from the world to their quiet cottages, trellised with roses and a network of creepers, rural retreats where *The Times* never pierces. But still the main stream rushes on, following the track of its ancestors, and striving for fame, till swallowed by some "thirsty soul," when it quietly forgets all its ambition, and allows itself to be lulled to rest, acknowledging the vanity of its former struggles.

January 29th.—Ascended the Corcovado in company with one of the minister's servants, who was deputed to show me the way. We were both mounted; I was on a horse, he bestrode a mule. We turned out of the broad path that led to the aqueduct, up a stony and uneven road, passing by some desolate houses. Afterwards our way led us zigzag up the hill, through woods thick with luxuriant creepers, and brakes of wild beauty. Butterflies of a most exquisite blue hovered about, and seemed by their hardihood to provoke a chase, till, wheeling off, they disappeared from our sight among the mazes of the wood. The path, though made zigzag to facilitate one's ascent, was yet steep, and in one place a

fallen tree completely blocked up the passage. My horse, unaccustomed to such places, when making a circuit through the bushes to avoid this obstacle, ran vehemently against another tree, and caused a concussion that was far from pleasant. After some time spent in surmounting the ascent, we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves at the foot of a rock with iron stanchions around. Dismounting, I fastened my horse to one of them, and stood on the summit of the Corcovado.

But how can you describe the sight that bursts upon your senses? To the right spread the wide expanse of the Atlantic, whose foam-crested waves were rippling and dashing merrily against the base of the island of Redonda, that raised its hoary head on high, out of the blue water. In front, the entrance of the harbour was blocked up by the bare Sugarloaf, whose height seemed as nothing in comparison to the giant dimensions of the mountain whose summit I had reached. And from thence the blue ocean, whose surface, never monotonous, was now interspersed with small dots of white, like snow-flakes on a green plain, spread till joined to the ocean hung on high, the clouds on whose breast were white as the crests of the waters beneath. Nearer to the shore the sea was light green, of an exquisite tint and transparency, and more than one lake, divided from

the sea by banks of white sand, seemed a miniature of the neighbouring ocean. The tastefully managed trees of the Botanical Gardens, and the more luxuriant foliage that climbed the mountain sides, with the peaks that rose above, were fair features in this scene of loveliness.

Such was one side—on the other was spread the harbour, bristling with forests of masts, and dotted with islands, among which white sails were swiftly gliding. The immense buildings of the town looked noble, now so far removed, and the village of Braganza, seemingly in a green basin, was like a diamond set in a wide circlet of gold.

The peak of the Corcovado slopes gradually towards the plain to the northward and eastward; but to the southward it is precipitous, and a man leaning against the old and rusty iron stanchions, and looking down, is apt to feel rather nervous. The height of the mountain is estimated at 2306 feet. A chasm of about twelve feet in width, and thirty in depth, separates the extreme pinnacle, which rises, a huge mass of granite, perpendicularly on the outside more than 1000 feet. As tradition relates, some barbarous middies, landing for a frolic, took an unfortunate mule to this place, and hurled it down this precipice of 1000 feet, for mere fun. Some say it was a donkey they threw down; but I am inclined to think that the only animal of that species was the person

who did so absurd and cruel a deed. A bridge is laid across the chasm; but it requires some nerve to be able to cross, for it consists but of a few planks, rotten and rickety, with no sort of handrail. The summit of the pinnacle is not more than a dozen or fourteen feet square. The only drawback to my day's pleasure was the weather, which was somewhat windy and cloudy.

After a long gaze we commenced our descent. The path at first was so steep, that I preferred trusting to my own legs rather than to the horse's, and, surrendering my bridle into the guide's hands, I commenced walking. On a down-hill course, walking speedily degenerates into running, which was awkward, and would have been impossible but for a water-course in the middle of the path, worn away by the water rushing down in rainy weather. Now it was perfectly dry, and the stones served to retard my progress whenever this was faster than was expedient. When we were half-way down the hill, a sudden clearing in the wood presented me a new and different scene. The town and harbour were hidden by a small hill, and in place of them there was an expanse of plain, diversified by small elevations, and undulating most gracefully.

The next day ended my visit, and I returned on board.

It was some time ere I again visited "The Spot" and its neighbourhood, not till the month of August. On calling at "The Spot" I found that the minister had gone into the country to shoot "tigers." It appeared that a "tiger" (*id est*, a panther) had appeared near a house and frightened a child (which seemed the most natural thing in its power, and the most harmless), and now several people were desirous of shooting the beast. From "The Spot" I proceeded towards the aqueduct, with the intention of riding to the town by its side. Some men were at work hollowing out large reservoirs, who stopped to look at me, and ask if I was "Ingleze."

The water runs along the aqueduct towards Rio with a most refreshing sound, and the turf on the path by its side is soft and springy. From the path the hill goes abruptly down, but the precipice is concealed by trees, and beautiful herbage.

As I rode onward, butterflies, attracted by the sound of the horse's feet, flew forth to reconnoitre the stranger, birds peeped forth from the leaves, and tiny bright humming-birds, arrayed in green and gold, warbled soft accents from every leafy spray. The heat of the sun could not penetrate "so cool a brake," and the grass was green and the flowrets fresh as some fair country maiden unpolluted by the pomp and glare of the world.

Soothing too was the sound of the water, as by the
wayside, it

“Ran, a fair stream with a musical waste,
And gurgled away with the liquidest sweep,”

as Lowell says of Willis. The path along the aqueduct
is simple enough, and you land in Rio near the suburb
of Gloria. Here the aqueduct, that like Fame, “vires
acquirit eundo,” crosses the road, raised on large white
pillars, that would be dazzling if they were only cleaner.

CHAPTER VII.

BAHIA—TRAVELLING IN GENERAL—PARISIAN SIGHTS—THE CONVENT
—FEATHER FLOWERS—LIVE ANIMALS—OPERA HOUSE AND HOTEL
—TO THE DIGGINGS FOR BEEF—GUAVA JELLY—A CATAMARAN.

THE real name of Bahia is not Bahia, but St. Salvador. It stands, however, on the shores of the Bahia dos Todos os Santos (Bay of all Saints), and has thence borrowed the cognomen by which it is generally known. It is noticeable, however, that the city has left the bay in undisturbed possession of all its Saints, which is rather a singular fact, since the city wants them more than the bay. Perhaps, however, with a convent, churches full of tinsel ornament, and streets full of dirt, the city is holy enough. It looks beautiful certainly from the bay; but when you land in it you find no variation from the general appearance of Brazilian towns. It would be easy to find a simile for this state of things in the Brazilian religion. The bay when we entered was alive with fish, skipping about familiarly; in total disregard of the boats that darted amongst them. The vessels at anchor were mostly merchantmen, dirty and unwieldy, while one or two men-of-war were interspersed, looking

doubly neat and clean from contrast with the lubberly traders.

There are some handsome buildings in the town, the grandest being the Opera-house and Hotel, built on a rock, as if destined for warlike purposes. It seemed fit that this building should first catch the eye, being the representative of this present world. The burial-ground was the second conspicuous object, the dark green shades of the funeral trees setting off the white of the tombs, and giving an air of solemn repose to the habitation of the dead.

Soon as our anchor was dropped, a clerk came from one of the English merchants in the city to receive our orders. He was an Irishman, whose natural properties had been somewhat toned down by the business he followed, and by his constant intercourse with strange people. All men must gain something by travelling. Perhaps your first edition of travelling is not so profitable as the second, because you go with your eyes shut, and in entire ignorance of "what to observe." But when you come home, and meet with persons talking about France, Germany, or whatever country you may happen to have passed through, you naturally attempt to share in the conversation, and find that, while going through a country with your eyes half shut, you have not picked up any knowledge that you can retail to

inquirers. Consequently, when you travel again, your wits are sharpened by a desire of shining in society, and you manage to pick up pieces of information that prove afterwards of some service. A man who goes to Paris, and "does" the sights recorded in Galignani's guide-book, simply knocks himself up, and carries away with him a confused idea of the Louver, Notter Dam, and other interesting exhibitions. What a hideous absurdity is that custom of going straight through such a picture gallery as the Louvre, yawning and gaping in the face of Rubens, Murillo, and Raffaele, when you have no taste for pictures, know nothing about a focus, perspective, or richness of tint! Yet a person who had been at Paris, and could not boast of having seen every thing, would be considered a very eccentric character.

Perhaps this Irish clerk had been induced to shake off some of his Hibernian peculiarities by intercourse with the Brazilians, who seem in some respects a degenerate race of Irishmen. I will not insult our neighbours over the channel by tracing the points of resemblance.

We questioned this man about the beauties and saleables of the place. To all our questions he returned such cautious answers, as almost to falsify the old saying:—

"Cælum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

His genuine Irish nature was, however, only concealed beneath this outer garment, as the nature of the ass lay hidden under the skin of the lion. A civet cat that we had taken on board at Rio was running about the deck. Though naturally a harmless animal, it had a strange fancy for smelling people's boots, and gnawing the extremities of their trousers. It approached the Irish stranger with this intention. Fancying that it was a dangerous customer, he sprang on the bulwarks, and howled at it in wild Irish, till the first lieutenant, attracted by his yells and our laughter, came on deck to stop the commotion.

The next day we commenced coaling. Large lighters were towed alongside, which was no easy matter, as the current runs with extraordinary swiftness.

None of this disagreeable duty fell to my lot, so I was able to land with some messmates. We first walked to the convent, which lies outside the town, and entered for the purpose of buying some flowers. The discipline here was far laxer than was the case at the Madeira nunnery. The chief nun positively conversed with one of our guides through an open doorway, with much apparent familiarity, just as if she had been an ordinary mortal. The bars of the grate that separated the nuns from the world, as represented by visitors, were so wide apart that we could see the forms and dresses of those

inside with the greatest ease. None of them, with the exception of the superior, wore any black garments, or any uniform convent—ual, or —ional, but were clothed in dirty white. They were chiefly half mulattoes, old and hideous; only one was young and pretty. She looked languishingly at us through the bars, as a penance no doubt. It is plain that she could not have been discontented; nuns never are, so they say. What a grim satire is that, then, which calls so many convents "Our Lady's House of Woe." Could you devise a fitter name?

Not that I object to convents; on the contrary, I consider them excellent institutions—for the ugly and unmarried. But they should be kept under strict laws, by which beauty should be rendered a disqualification. Fancy how admirably the world would go on, if old maids of crabbed dispositions might be immured on the petition of their relatives! You might have in reserve a terrible punishment for flirtation. A noverca who ill used her husband's children might be suddenly hurried off to the convent. In fact, you might make a most useful engine of state by legislating for convents. But beware that you do not carry it to excess, and make it as terrible as the Inquisition.

We went into a small waiting-room outside the grate, and deluged with feather flowers. An old and diligent

woman, and an old and diligent man, vied with each other in bringing in boxes of flowers, and strewing them on the floor. They continued this till we were hemmed in completely, and could not have moved without treading upon the flowers. We were like shipwrecked sailors on a rock that was being slowly covered by the tide. The nuns too, with eager exclamations, flung flowers to us through the bars, or handed them on a long wooden spoon. The spirit with which they entered into bargaining showed that this traffic was their sole amusement, and they held up their fat fingers to show the number of milrees required for each separate article.

The flowers here are cheaper than at Rio, but the assortment is not so extensive. No camelias were to be seen, but carnations and other simple blossoms abounded. As far as I could judge, in make they were quite as good as any we had seen at Rio; they are moreover cheaper, and as the money received by the nuns is used for charitable purposes, it is better employed than in making one individual's fortune.

From the convent we retraced our steps to the town, and found ourselves before long in a shop that glittered with stuffed humming-birds. These were cheap enough; specimens that in Rio cost two and even three milrees each were here sold for four milrees a dozen. Here, too, we found some straw baskets like beehives turned upper-

most, the straw being very neatly plaited, and of divers colours.

We then came to the market-place, the abode of dirt, and never-ceasing tumult. Negroes and Brazilians, buyers and sellers, were screaming at the top of their voices for no apparent reason: women were jabbering and gesticulating: parrots were screaming, and making vain attempts to sing or speak; dogs were barking, and monkeys chattering in a never ending, still beginning clamour. Some of the monkeys were worth buying, and were bought accordingly. The parrots are total failures. Those we purchased were quarrelsome wretches, who would not speak, but stormed, squalled, and bit with ferocity. They were generally green; we only met with one that was grey, and wore a red top-knot. The grey parrots are by far the most valuable, and can mostly talk, if their youthful minds have been trained, and their youthful voices cultivated. Green parrots are hopeless. If they can talk at all, though this is not usual, their stock of words is limited.

Perhaps, on the recommendation of a half-English negro, who says, "Dis fellow talk well, massa," you purchase a green parrot. For many days he is simply sulky, bites your finger if you endeavour to coax him, and screams from morning to night, or, what is worse, from night to morning. Then, after many days' care and

petting, your expectations are realized. The mouth opens, and in a hoarse yell, he gives vent to the word "Pop-a-gai-o." This is his whole vocabulary. The word is Portuguese for parrot, so that the bird repeats only its name in an egotistical manner. But it has this excuse, that many living men of repute do exactly the same. Perhaps the parrot had been in ——'s society.

The negresses who sell vegetables, eggs, and other commodities in the market, are in general scantily clothed, some being naked down to their waists. One negress had two little marmozet monkeys clinging to her neck, and climbing over her shoulders in a manner that seemed unpleasant. When asked about them she dragged them forth, and again deposited them in the same place with remarkable coolness.

I now *mounted* a sedan chair. These vehicles consist of a common chair, which is fastened to a few boards, with a pole running beneath them. It is hoisted on the shoulders of two bearers, and is surrounded by a curtain, which you button when you are inside. I never felt myself safe in such a conveyance, since it would not be difficult for it, topheavy as it was, to slip round, and turn a somersault. The bearers, too, have an uncomfortable trick of going sideways, like Mr. Winkle's horse, especially when descending a hill.

The upper part of the town, and the streets halfway

down the hill, are clean and respectable, but those at the bottom are narrow and ill kept, partaking of the general nature of Brazilian streets. I alighted at the door of the hotel, and went in to dine. While waiting for this repast, I gazed out of the window, that "commanded" (to use the language of the handbooks) "an extensive and noble prospect of land and sea, the restless ocean contrasting well with the immoveable and solid earth."

The bay was calm, dotted with ships lying in a majestic repose, whilst amongst them glided light feluccas and smaller boats. The sea far away was also calm. It was a strange transition from that mirror-like surface to the curious medley of houses and roof beneath. They lay in strange disorder, as if they had been dancing together, and could not get extricated. An occasional opening gave me a glance into one of the lower streets, dirty and commercial. Exactly below the window from which I was gazing, the rock on which the hotel was built went sheer and smooth down, so that if the hotel was besieged, nothing need be dreaded from that quarter.

When the waiter came, with a look of imbecility and a dirty napkin, to receive my orders, I asked for some lemonade to counteract the heat of the day. We all know what lemonade in England means. Lemonade in Brazil means a thick sweet syrup, that is drink-

able when amply diluted with water, and flavoured by a dash of something more potent. Even then it is only "puir sweet stuff," and was never intended for quenching thirst on a boiling day. Brazilian waiters, and not only waiters, but also shopkeepers, have a vile habit of tantalizing customers, by asking them if they want some article that cannot be supplied. If you go into a shop and ask for lace, the shopman will ask you first whether you want that kind of lace that he does not keep. You may generally conclude that, when a Brazilian asks you if you wish for French lace, he has not got any. In the same way the waiters at this hotel made my mouth water by imitating the effervescing lemonade, from the preparatory fizz to the pop of the cork, but when a bottle of this was ordered, I learnt that they had none. Unfortunately, though your mouth may water, your throat is as dry as ever, and I had to make up for the loss of real lemonade as I best could.

While I still waited for dinner, gazing at the bottles of sour wine that ornamented a table spread for a select party that dined there daily, a Brazilian of the higher orders appeared, and accosted me in English. He asked me for the last news from Monte Video, where one of the usual disturbances was then taking place, and said Oribe had better betake himself to England,

and dig up beef and potatoes. The waiter stood by, looking attentive, drinking in all this discourse, with his mouth wide open, and his features fixed in a state of reverential wonder. When the Brazilian departed, the waiter nodded to me, as much as to say, "There's a wonderful man, sir! If that man don't know a thing or two, don't call me waiter!" I inquired the name of this man, who had such a singular notion about beef. Of course his name was Silva, which seemed an appropriate name for him, and he had been minister, or consul, or something in England.

My dinner now appeared with grease enough floating about it to make a candle with, or give a day's meal to a Russian.

I then descended the hill, and went to the shop of an English merchant, the shop being that in which our Irish visiter of the preceding day officiated. Looking from one of the windows of this place towards the sea, I saw a yard in which was confusion worse confounded. Large pans for boiling sugar were thrown carelessly together, piled on each other like Pelion and Ossa in miniature, some dirty, some half full of water, and some ventilated like the Irishman's hat, by having no bottom at all.

Before returning on board I went to a shop for some guava jelly. The Brazilian guava jelly is not soft, like

that coming from the West Indies but hard and glutinous. More of it can be eaten than of the West Indian jelly, before prejudicial consequences ensue. It is preserved in tin cases, and in boxes marked with the words GOIABA EMMASSA, in blue or red ink, according as the price is one or two milrees. The best preserved fruit to be met with in Brazil is the preserved lime. These are somewhat dear, but will repay the purchase. Those that I brought home gave great and general satisfaction—especially to the agent who packed them for me at Woolwich.

On going to the ship, I found her in a sad state of confusion. They had just finished coaling, and the decks were still black and carboniferous. The vessel was being prepared for immediate sailing, which led to immense bustle and flurry. The bumboat was alongside full of parrots, going at a dollar each. They were all squalling and squabbling, their dulcet notes being re-echoed by those already on board. Each had a separate note, so that the discord arising from their yells was like an orchestra out of tune, or the House of Commons on the night of an Irish debate. I bought one parrot, that, on coming into my possession, vindicated its independence so lustily, that I was but too glad to hand it over to some less squeamish purchaser.

There is a lighthouse on a point of the Bahia dos Todos os Santos, conspicuous from its height and position. The diamond mines are in the neighbourhood of this city, though too far in the interior for any of our officers to visit them. Diamonds are, naturally enough, cheap in Bahia, and outside one shop I saw a set of very handsome diamond studs, somewhat recklessly exposed. Outside Bahia we saw two men fishing on a catamaran—a rude apparatus made of some logs or planks joined together, with clumsy sails. They forge along somehow, though with no swiftness or grace, and are chiefly used in crossing a heavy surf that is impassable by ordinary boats.

CHAPTER VIII.

RIO DE LA PLATA—MONTE VIDEO—FACTS FOR NAVAL OFFICERS—
CARVED OSTRICH EGGS—CARDINALS—THE ALLIANCE.

To be sent down to Monte Video is sometimes considered a treat, and sometimes an annoyance, by H.M. ships and vessels of war. To go down merely as the bearer of despatches that require an immediate answer, and so lead to your immediate return to Rio, is by no means pleasant. Officers generally are in the habit of thinking that their ship ought to stay long enough in such an important place to admit of leave being granted. But admirals, and even captains, do not hold the same opinion as to the comfort of their officers. The result is, that ships are frequently hurried away from port long before the officers have acquired the slightest knowledge of its manners and customs, and thus they have the hardship of travelling without being allowed to profit by it. Whether they would profit by it or not if left to themselves, is quite another thing; yet it would be as absurd to restrain boys from learning the classics

at school, because they get no advantages from that study, as it would be not to allow people a chance of doing what they don't do habitually.

Our first visit to Monte Video was decidedly a "bore." We went with provisions for the ships lying there, and, having delivered our cargo, returned at once to Rio, without having any opportunity of landing. On our second trip we had better luck.

After a five days' passage from Rio de Janeiro, we entered the Rio de la Plata, or, in English, the River Plate. No two shores were discernible, bounding the stream on either side, so that we could only learn our situation from the muddy colour of the water. One bank afterwards came in sight; but, as the other was still hidden, we might conclude that the river Plate was in the same predicament as the Thames in Mr. Puff's celebrated tragedy, and had got both its banks on one side. At one in the afternoon we passed the small island of Lodos, lying nearly opposite to the bay of Maldonado, where repose the bones of the old *Agamemnon*. This island is low, and much frequented by seals. A reef extends from it to the southward, which side is generally chosen by vessels, though we went to the northward.

Evening closed upon us as we steamed up the river, and a small pampero burst on it with all the fury that could be comprised in its littleness. It

swooped down with all the rancour and impotence of a Bowles against Pope. The whole surface of the river was white for the moment, turned into a sheet of seething foam, and the gust howled through the rigging and the spars. But in a moment it was all over, leaving no trace of injury upon the vessel it had attacked. Some little barks have sunk under the influence of such storms. A schooner, cruising one beautiful night, was struck suddenly by a pampero, and whelmed in the sea, that resumed the next moment its former calmness. All was as before, save that one solitary vessel, which had vanished from the world, leaving no traces of its existence upon the fickle ocean.

Then the cheerful light of Flores beamed upon us. In a passage, marked equally by beauties and affectations, like every other passage of his poem, a young poet says,

“ We cannot see the lighthouse in the gloom,
We cannot see the rock ; but look ! now, now,
It opes its ruddy eye, the night recoils,
A crimson line of light runs out to sea,
A guiding torch to the benighted ships.”

I doubt whether I shall be pardoned easily for introducing this criticism, since travellers are expected to talk only of foreign things, just as sailors, in which term naval officers are frequently included, are supposed to

know nothing whatever about the literature of any period, except James's Naval History, and Marryatt's novel.

Passing Flores with its light still gleaming out of the darkness like a diamond from the recesses of a mine, we came to an anchor in the bay of Monte Video. The night was stormy; wind, rain, thunder and lightning, united to render the position of officer of the watch remarkably uncomfortable. In a small ship, that has no poop under which the dripping watchers may take refuge, a wet night is always uncomfortable; while in a large ship we might have been snugly ensconced by the wheel, taking our coffee, or whatever the lieutenant might "stand," in a jovial manner.

The bay of Monte Video is large, and affords a home to numerous fish and seals. It is dangerous for boat-sailing, being subject to violent squalls, which render it necessary, that, in naval parlance, you should keep your weather-eye lifting, and your lee-sheet in the same readiness. The anchorage in the bay is in four and a half fathoms; in the harbour the water is a little shallower. The river has been surveyed by Captain Peter Heywood, when in command of the *Nereus*, and his remarks were sent to Lloyd's. He is memorable as having been one of the mutineers of *The Bounty*, though perfectly free from any criminal deed or purpose. The naviga-

tion of the river is intricate from the numerous banks and shoals. There are enough from Monte Video to the sea, but from Monte Video to Buenos Ayres there are more than enough. Opposite Flores light is a bank known by the name of English Bank, which seems a familiar acquaintance of many merchant vessels, who find a temporary resting-place upon it. The men-of-war who lie here make small fortunes, by the salvage accruing from the merchantmen that they rescue from this bank. One of the surest landmarks to ships entering the River Plate is the island of Castelhos, lying about twenty miles from Cape St. Mary's. When far off, this island takes the appearance of a brigantine under sail, and is accordingly conspicuous to nautical eyes. Ships can go within a mile of this island, and can even pass between it and the mainland, if they wish.

On landing in the town of Monte Video I was at once struck by the neatness and regularity of the streets, that bear the strongest possible contrast to the filthy streets of Rio de Janeiro or Bahia. The chief curiosities to be got there are Guacho spurs, or stirrups. I bought a pair of iron spurs, huge unwieldy things, whose rowels alone equalled in size the whole projecting part of an English spur. The richer Guachos are in the habit of using silver spurs and stirrups, and saddles elegantly inlaid with silver. Several of these were shown me in

a shop I passed, and were truly gorgeous, but most exorbitant in price.

I had procured myself an English guide in the person of a little boy, the son of a man who kept a shop for the sale of grog, bread, and butter. Under the guidance of this boy I went up to the market-place to purchase some cardinals. In the way I saw some ostrich eggs in a window, and went into the shop to examine them. The people of Monte Video have a wonderful knack of carving on ostrich eggs, verses, or accounts of battles in which the British arms figured successfully. I purchased one of these marvels of science, which bore the following verses on its surface:—

“Not a laugh was heard, not a joyous note,
As our friend to the bridal we hurried:
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
As the batchalour went to be married.”

“Sweet maid, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest.”

Although there is not much poetical value in these lines, one of the words, moreover, being spelt out of the common, yet I was ready to accept the work as a curiosity of literature. If the carver wanted a parody on the “Burial of Sir John Moore” he might have

chosen advantageously the first four lines of Thomas Ingoldsby's ballad that commences,

" Not a *sou* had he got, not a guinea or note,
And he looked confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And his landlady after him hurried."

Arriving at the market-place, I bought some cardinals at a dollar each. The birds that bear this name are excellent songsters, and are very rare. They derive their name from a red topknot on their heads, and from that only, I fancy, as they are not at all corpulent, and as the air of England does not well agree with them. In fact, many of them died on the passage home, finding the north too cold for their tender bodies. Perhaps cold was not the only cause, as Monte Video itself was as cold as any weather we had met with in England that winter. Possibly the sea voyage slew them.

Our visit to Monte Video happened just before the grand crisis of the wars that were going on between Rosas and the Brazilians; and, not long after, that redoubtable chieftain had to take refuge on board of one of our men-of-war. Several fine French frigates were lying here, one a black double-banked vessel with an admiral's flag. We amused ourselves by speculating on the results that would take place here in event of a war with France. Naval officers used to be always

speculating on a war with France, till we had got the war with Russia instead, and this present glorious alliance. *Esto perpetua!* such is the fervent wish of every one, particularly of those who think the example of the French will make England a Catholic country!

CHAPTER IX.

ST. VINCENTS—UNCIVILISATION—COME, MY LAD, AND DRINK SOME BEER !—BILLIARDS—ASPECT OF THE ISLAND—ST. ANTONIO—THE ROVER—A COURT MARTIAL.

PERHAPS St. Vincents is not justly ranked among Brazilian towns, but I must take the liberty to place it with them here, since it is even worse than the vilest specimens of its class in Brazil. It lies in 17° North latitude, and 25° West longitude, not far from the coast of Africa. The principal bay in it is that on whose shore is situated the town, Porto Grande. At the entrance to this bay is a curiously shaped rock, named Bird Island, rising in a conical form from the water to some height. Birds are always wheeling about its summit, and fish cluster about its base. The bay is shallow, and I therefore give the bearings of our anchorage, which was in $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms.

Bird Island N. W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.

Fort S. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.

Point resembling a Bottle W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.

The appearance of the island, as viewed from the sea, is any thing but promising. What hope is held out by

barren and rocky tracts, that cover the island, not allowing an inch to trees or fertility? The town itself consisted of a few small and meagre-looking houses, huddled together on the beach, like starving children.

The steamers that run to the Cape and to the Brazils touch here for coal, consequently there are some semi-English on the island—this barbarous spot, rising in the midst of the laughing ocean like a black patch on a robe of snowy loveliness. One of these men came off in a boat with potatoes and half dry bananas for sale, which seemed to be the only saleable commodities that the place could afford. We returned to the shore in his boat, which he made us pay for, saying that it was not his own, which was probably false. The poverty of St. Vincent's sharpens the wits of the inhabitants. We found on landing that the place was even poorer than it seemed to be.

The houses are low and dirty, and the general wretchedness of the town was conspicuous every where. The universal barrenness of the country behind wearied the eye, accustomed to the stately palms or broad-leaved banana-trees that overshadowed Brazilian residences. It was strange, after looking upon Brazil as the climax of dirt and discomfort, to find nearer home a place far less civilized. Nature, too, that is so liberal to the dwellers in the tropics as to shower every thing in her

gift upon them, has done as little here towards promoting the comfort of the inhabitants, as if she had followed their example.

We went to a place dignified by the name of an hotel, and to our great astonishment found a billiard-table there; on this we took courage. St. Vincent's is evidently "not so bad as it seems." We take up a cue apiece, rather heavy at one end, as much pointed at the other as if they were intended for spears, and very brittle. We make an insane attempt to chalk them, and begin a game, which we abandon after half a dozen strokes. The cues are so thin and fragile that you cannot make a stroke of any force or nicety; the balls are so cracked and perverse that they won't make a canon, and consider going into the pocket a personal degradation; and the table seems to be composed of loose boards, along which the balls do not roll, but jump with convulsive hops, raising dust at every step.

We were at once disheartened at this, and turned to the bar of the hotel, where a quantity of beer was displayed in primitive bottles. The bar of the hotel and the billiard-room were all in one, situated on the ground floor in its most literal sense, there being not the least attempt at a floor between our feet and the earth. The beer was tried, and was without exception the most nauseous stuff ever concocted, beating into the shade all Brazilian

wine, or *aqua ardente*. "He who drinks beer thinks beer," says the proverb. If any one *thought* this beer, I don't envy him his meditations. Oh Juvenal! how could you dare to assert that poison is only to be found in golden cups?

"Nulla aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
Gemmata; et lato Setinum ardebit in auro."

I doubt whether a more deadly poison could have been quaffed than the contents of these humble vessels.

When we came to reckon, we found the billiards were not expensive, being only threepence a game; but the beer was half-a-crown a bottle! What an apt pupil had the god of thieves in the vender of this poison!

When we left the hotel, we found there was nothing to do, and nothing to buy. We wanted to ride. No horses or mules could be got for us to day, as the people who let them required always a day's notice, and the asses that abounded throughout the town were not in the habit of being ridden. We wanted to buy some vegetables or fruit, and could get nothing for a long time, till a public-spirited man consented, as a great favour, to sell us some at merely double their value.

Sick of the town, its knavery and poverty, we went into the country on a tour of observation. It is romantic, but barren, like certain novels. There

stood behind the town a rocky hill of remarkable appearance, various holes showing through it ; so that it might have answered the purpose of a dozen young people of the Pyramus and Thisbe class at once, if they could have stood upon each other's shoulders. But this, the most remarkable part of the island, was as barren as every thing else ; nowhere did we meet with the slightest approach to fertility. Not even the half dry bananas sold here are the island's own productions. All the fruits and vegetables they have come from the neighbouring island of S. Antonio, which lies in close proximity to this, and is only a trifle more fertile. An English consul resides here, and I am not in the least insincere when I state that I pity him heartily.

At night I was on deck with some others, watching the shore as it appeared under the pale beams of a young moon. A small sandy beach in another part of the bay assumed beneath this light the form of a town, as if it were the magic "castle of St. John" in the Bridal of Triermain. The same deceptive appearance had once a serious effect on one of her Majesty's ships. H. M. brig *Rover* coming into this bay at night, and having no one on board who knew aught about the situation, ran on shore, the captain seeing this beach under its sublunar aspect, and running down towards it. Before they had got far, the vessel stuck fast, as the

water in this bay shoals very rapidly. The *Rover* was soon got off again without much injury, and I suppose no court-martial was held. If there had been one, the captain would have been reprimanded slightly, and the master dismissed from the service. Such at least is the usual result of a naval court-martial.

CHAPTER X.

CRUISING—RESULTS OF A CAPTURE—GEORGI GREGO—LEAF FROM A
MIDDY'S NOTE-BOOK—WOOD, FISH, AND JUNGLE—PARROTS—THE
OCEAN, VIEWED IN ITS POETICAL ASPECT.

OUR first cruising ground was to the south-westward of Rio de Janeiro, stretching from about the island of Marambya to the bay of Santos, and thus occupying a spread of nearly an hundred miles. Our duties of course were simple enough, and consisted in having to search the vessels we saw if they were suspicious, and to capture all that came within the slave-trade law. This duty seemed at first to promise some excitement. We pictured to ourselves a schooner flying under all sail towards some harbour that might give her refuge, heeling over under the breeze, and slashing along leaving a wake of foam behind her, while close astern came the "Geyser" with all her sails spread, and a cloud of smoke going upward from her funnel, as her paddles churned the sea into seething foam, clearing her way triumphantly onwards, and fast nearing the flying slaver. Hark! the boom of a gun, and the flash of fire leaps out from the muzzle of the discharged thirty-two

pounder, while darting out of the wreaths of smoke, that, having jumped forth actively enough, lose their vigour in an instant, and hang idle a few yards off, a black object speeds swiftly across the intervening space, and splashes into the sea close astern of the schooner. The water flies up in a miniature spout. But this does not bring the fugitive to stop. Again a shot flies forth, and this time a white gash on the vessel's side tells that it has hit the mark. A monotonous yell arises from the negroes. A few more shots, and the schooner heaving to, is boarded, and declared a prize to her Britannic Majesty's steam sloop "Geyser." Some time after, Messrs. Navy Agents and Co. pay £20 to the account of Mr. Brown, midshipman of the said ship, as his share in the prize-money accruing from the *Santa Teresa*, captured on the coast of Brazil. Dreams, my dear sir, only dreams! We never found any vessels run away from us; *au contraire*, they were very glad to let us come alongside, and received us with an affability that was delightful, but deceptive. The bluff honesty of that captain of a slaver on the coast of Africa, who, when a man-of-war came alongside, hailed her with the words, "Here you are, captain, here's two hundred and fifty for you!" would have been a pleasant contrast to the deceit and courtesy of the Brazilians. Our duty consisted merely in steaming alongside one brig, hailing or

boarding it, and going off to another, which work we soon found to be desperately "slow." There was no boat cruising, in which we expected some amusement, and a short season of independence. Thus

"The wild pulsation that we felt before the strife.

When we saw the ships before us, and the tumult of our life,"

vanished into a more matter of fact occupation than even the duty of a clerk.

The first place at which we dropped our anchor was the small island of Georgi Grego, lying about two miles to seaward of a large island named Ilha Grande, that lies about one mile to seaward of the mainland. Georgi Grego is small, but high, covered with trees and brushwood. Flocks of sea-birds were hovering above it, wheeling through the air and screaming discordantly. We anchored in a small bay formed by jutting points of the island. The anchorage is in very deep water, so close to the shore that you might be almost in danger of scraping with your bowsprit. Close above the water rose a belt of rocks, and immediately over these was the wood, which clothed the sides of the mountain, save in one place, where a break was formed by a steep rock dripping with water, and giving refuge to birds among its crannies. My rough note-book, written under superintendence, and intended to act as a pilotage

directory to me, if ever I was a captain in these parts, gives this account of

Georgi Grego, or Greco, a very high, rocky, and woody island, lying in latitude $23^{\circ} 15'$ south, and longitude $44^{\circ} 14'$ west. There is a path leading to the top of the island in one part, but in all others the brushwood is impenetrably thick. Plenty of rock fish of various sorts are found close to the shore. In Purdy's sailing Directory for the Ethiopic or South Atlantic Ocean, it is stated that this island, "though sterile in appearance, affords not only anchorage on its north side for large ships, but plenty of wood and water, and here, at a village named Angra Dos Reis, refreshments may be obtained." On the contrary, the island is not at all sterile in its appearance, being covered with brushwood: the anchorage is too much exposed for large ships: the wood not worth taking: and the water exists only in Mr. Purdy's imagination. The village of Angra Dos Reis, instead of being on this island, stands on the mainland, having the whole breadth of Ilha Grande interposed between it and Georgi Grego, as it is the Portuguese name for the town of Villa Grande. The anchorage here is in sixteen fathoms, but not always secure, being open, especially to south-west winds.

From this specimen of my writing as a midshipman,

it will be seen that I thought myself an excellent authority on such intricate matters as wood, water, and good anchorages, and that I was especially apt to point out and expose any weak points in my adversary's writings. I do not therefore doubt that I was then an excellent controversialist, and an admirable (sea-) lawyer.

When we lay at Georgi Grego, it was our custom to send a man on shore to mount the tree at the top of the island, and tell us if any ships came in sight. He could see clearly from his exalted situation, being lifted out of the mass of wood that covered the island, as the Lord Chancellor's wig covers his majestic head. The thickness of the brushwood in the other parts of the island was one evening tested by me personally, and on that occasion I learnt in suffering enough to set me up as a teacher in song. I landed with two gun-room officers, and after fishing unsuccessfully for some time (for though the rock fish are plentiful, yet they are shy, and can't easily be hooked), we commenced a journey through the island. *Apropos* of fish, I may remark that a friend of mine was fishing the whole of a certain Ash Wednesday, and could not get a bite. Worms are not a portion of fast-day diet for fish, I suppose, and perhaps none of those in that part of the river had a dispensation. An affecting Catholic story might be

written about a fish that, endeavouring to eat flesh meat on a fast-day, was hooked, and eaten itself instead.

On commencing our passage through the jungle, we found the reeds so thick and high as to be uncomfortable. In some places they mounted over our heads, and, when we pushed them away, some prickly substance made us draw back. After tedious struggles we managed to get through, and surmounted the ridge of the island. The other side was free from brakes and jungly patches, but bore large trees whose thick branches, joined together, formed more unsurmountable impediments than the reeds through which we had passed. So we had nothing to do but to return, the back journey being easy enough, as we had only to keep in the tracks before made. I must confess to sundry musings on the subject of snakes as we passed through the jungle, remembering unpleasant rumours about the deadly bite of the snakely denizens of Brazil. A snake is certainly a most hateful reptile: some men can face a lion, or a mad bull, or a wild Irishman, without terror, but who can stand against a serpent? an animal scarce distinguishable from a whip-lash, or one of the reeds on which you are trampling, that by the infusion of a grain of its poison, can consign you to death!

“By the billow-beaten side
Of the foam-besilvered main,
Darkling and alone we stood”

(as Pindar, translated by West, has it), waiting for the boat. The rocks here were more barren than is usually the case on the landward side of an island, and the long arms of the cactus came stretching over them.

In the other part of the island, where the tree of look-out stands, and where the path runs from it to the beach, we found some handsome red and green birds, whose gaudy colours made them conspicuous marks for our pistols. When they fell, the brushwood was too thick to allow us to find their bodies. If only all sportsmen had this same excuse to make, when their game bags do not weigh heavily on their shoulders! An old grey parrot mounted on the stump of a tree, and sounded defiance; the charge of a pistol immediately wended its way towards his bosom, and he vanished whether on wings, or by a fall, I cannot say. From the summit of the hill we descended to the seaward shore of the island. This side was not by any means so woody, but the rock extended far up, as the sea has here a good mark for breaking upon in rough weather. The rocks were formed in fantastic shapes; in one place were huge boulders, menacing clefts in the stone, in which a little water still remained from the last storm. Though now

there was little wind, the ocean heaved with a long and solemn swell, and we heard, like the bold Sir Bedevere,

"The ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag:"

the mysterious voice of the ocean, heard only in calm seasons, as it rolls solemnly up the slope of rock, reminding one of those poetic dreams about the secret of the sea, and of Longfellow's beautiful song. Who, on a still night, when the breeze sighs with its faintest breath among the sails so as scarcely to move the vessel, when the bubbles steal by with equal languor, and the moonlight spreads a long lake of glitter and brilliancy along the ocean, has not thought how glorious it must be to sail up that stream of grandeur to the heavens above? might not one be forgiven who thought that sea of moonlight was the path to heaven? Alexander Smith says prettily enough:—

"The full-faced moon sits silent on the sea,
The eager waves lift up their gleaming heads,
Each should'ring for her smile."

I may, perhaps, end this chapter by making a remark on the absence of all public show of worship and religion in most of the Brazilian villages. Few possess a church, and the churches that exist are never in a good state of preservation. Throughout the whole island of Ilha Grande, which is fully twenty miles in length, and con-

tains several villages, there is not one sacred building. Yet "the Church," as it is the fashion to call that mighty Roman establishment, is in full power throughout Brazil, to judge from some of the writings of Roman Catholics. Here, then, we see its natural results. What would a village in England (the country that, to use the very words of a Roman Catholic periodical, has no God) be without its church, and a place of worship for any members who do not agree with the church? "Better no religion than a false one," seems to be the motto of Roman Catholics; and the steadiness with which they endeavour to promote this state of affairs, is really marvellous.

CHAPTER XI.

MARAMBYA—MANGARATIBA—A VILLAGE SHOP—FORTIFICATIONS—
VILLA GRANDE—BAYS AND HEADLANDS—CASATIBA—BUSIOS—
VICTORIA—PORCOS—FISH.

THE island of Marambya, with which our cruising ground commenced, is long and low, except at its west end, where it rises into a high and woody mountain, known by the name of Mount Marambya. It runs parallel to the mainland, which here recedes, and forms a large bay, terminated to the westward by Point Joetinga. The west end of Marambya is the only part inhabited, the eastern part, from the mount to the other extremity, being nothing but a bank of sand. At its east end it is separated from the mainland by a small channel, not four feet deep, and almost dry in summer. About two miles to seaward of the island, lies a flat rock, called the Lage, on which the water breaks in rough weather. From the western point of Marambya, a shoal extends towards the mainland, having two and a half fathoms water on it, in the deepest parts. This is all that is notable in connection with this long island, that lies like a guardsman stretched out in a bath,

The long useless body covers many a rood, while the head, bristling with whiskers and warlike mustaches, is inhabited, but on the outside only—inside there is no room for brains.

The town of Mangaratiba lies on the mainland in this neighbourhood, and to reach it you pass between Marambya and Ilha Grande. We went gliding softly along water of a delicious green tint, glassy as a lake, with broad grassy meadows stretching down on either side till we anchored in the Roads, outside the harbour, which was too shallow to admit a vessel of our size. In our way we picked up a canoe, drifting ownerless over the quiet waters. The cutter was sent in to board some of the ships in the harbour. While we were gazing at the scenery, the green shrubs, and rocks half covered with grass, and half bare, the island spread with wavy foliage, at whose feet the ripples were just commencing to break, as the sea breeze arose, the cutter came creeping out again, its white sails showing picturesquely beneath a bank of dark heather. Light and shade chased each other across the green lawns, now bright of a dazzling tint, now darker and more sombre. Each fugitive ray of the sun, chased by a dozen clouds, leaped from peak to peak, descending the mountain side. Now it rested for an instant, on a bank of red flowery gorse, that shot out

innumerable sparkles, and betrayed the fugitive to the pursuing clouds, that in an instant had drawn their veils over his resting-place. But he was not caught, no, he was lower down resting on a patch of meadow, and by the time they had settled on that, he was further down still, and when he had led them to the shore, and dazzled the wavelets that broke upon the beach, he flew straight up again to the sun, leaving the baffled pursuers far behind, in undisputed possession of the whole landscape. Such a gorgeous hill-side was never seen elsewhere; the constantly fleeting tints could have been caught by no pencil, more magnificent than ever clothed the artist's canvass, or decked with ecstasy the poet's dream.

On our next visit to Mangaratiba, I landed with the captain. The gig sped merrily over the waters, and was beached on the sand close to the town—and under a general store shop, where the captain was about to purchase some *aqua ardente*, to mix with paint. This shop was kept by the *subdelegarde*, pronounced sublegarde, or governor of the place. Goods of all descriptions were ranged round the walls, or on the counters. Sugar, coffee, casks of spirits, bottles of wine and liqueurs, tin cases of *sardines en l'huile* from Paris, draperies of numerous patterns, both English and foreign, fans made of feathers, mixed pickles with the name of Smith and Co., High Holborn, bearing a label declaring

that none are genuine except those signed "John Smith," and warning the public against fraudulent imitations; more mixed pickles from another Messrs. Smith and Co., with another label declaring none are genuine unless signed "James Smith," and warning the public against another house that endeavours to pass off its goods by the fraudulent assumption of the same name (pieces of information that would be of great service to Brazilians who don't know a word of English),—such were some of the goods that decorated the shop.

Having procured some turpentine and *aqua ardente*, we shoved off, and steered towards the fort, taking three Brazilians as passengers. We reached the boat underneath the fort, and mounted a steep and irregular path, raising ourselves by means of stones, and roots of trees. The fortifications of Mangaratiba are paltry things. There is a hovel meant for a guard-house in which the soldiers dwell, and in front stands a flagstaff with the green Brazilian ensign hoisted, but too much ashamed to unfurl itself in the presence of Englishmen.

"Know ye the ensign where coffee and cotton
Shine on a field that is green as the main?
'Tis the flag of a nation whose name there's a spot on,
And in their escutcheon a deep lying stain."

At the foot of the ensign staff stand the six eighteen-

pounders that constitute the fortifications of this town. How many could stand the first discharge I cannot guess. The commander of the fort was civil and obliging; for, as individual units, the Brazilians are sometimes courteous—as a nation, they are the reverse. He had a portion of the guard-house allotted to him for his apartments, his sleeping chamber being partitioned off from his sitting-room by a Brazilian flag. In his sitting-room there was no polish, and, apparently, scarcely any comfort. Boxes raised up on end had to officiate in the place of chairs. His uniform was literally an undress suit, in as much as he sat in his shirt-sleeves. The people conversed fluently enough. Whether the commander of the fort was opposed to the slave trade or no, made a great difference, since these people have frequently fired upon English men-of-war, or rather upon their boats, when they have chased a slave vessel under the guns of their fort. Perhaps it was lucky that we gave this man no chance of demonstrating his opinions.

A little further to the westward lies the town of Villa Grande, known also by the name of Angra Dos Reis. It seems a town of some magnitude, and has a convent in it. The "Geyser" anchored there one night, and some of the young gentlemen obtained leave to bathe from a sandy beach that seemed inviting. We pulled

there in the dingui, the smallest of the ship's boats, but were disappointed on our arrival to find the place unsuited for bathing.

A house stood at the back of this beach, and its owner stepped forth to join us in conversation. Our attempts to converse in Portuguese were very unsuccessful, and we soon subsided into smoking a cigar of peace, flavoured by some *aqua ardente*, which our host produced. He also cut each of us a sugar-cane, and we rewarded him with a dollar, which he was loth to accept for a time. This house was prettily situated with the white sand in front, and the dark bananas with their flag-like leaves behind, forming a dark background. In getting under weigh from Villa Grande the next morning, we struck against a rock, the story of which is elsewhere narrated.

Near Villa Grande stands a remarkable mountain peak, known by the name of the Friar's Hood. Here also the large bay formed by the secession of the shore is terminated by Point Joetinga, a promontory with a saddle in it, that makes the end of the promontory appear like an island, when it bears due N. W. from your ship. Inside this point is the bay of Casatiba, to which I will devote a chapter. Outside lies Gairosu Bay, small and much exposed to the sea. Here stands a large white house the property of Señor Pinto, a large slave-dealer, who, being discovered to be the owner of

a certain slaver that ran on shore to the northward of Rio, had to fly from the country. Separated from Gairosu Bay by Point Sono, lies Sono Bay, also much exposed to the long swell of the Atlantic, which prevents any one from landing when the weather is at all rough. In front of the village stand two patriarchal trees with wide-spreading branches, and seats beneath to accommodate the whole village population in the pleasant evening. A man came alongside the "Geyser" with bananas for sale—a rough uncultivated being, who knew little, laughed much, and chattered about slave-vessels.

Further down to the westward lie the Porcos Islands, between which and the mainland there is snug anchorage in the Baya dos Flamengos, otherwise called "Shark's Bay." On the island under whose lee you anchor, is a small village, situated on a grassy slope, the wood having been partially cleared away, so as to present some velvet lawn and cultivated meadow above the sand, and grotesquely formed rocks. Enough wood has been left to screen the village, and to add a dark shade to the sand of a sheltered little cove beneath. Off the Busios Islands, which lie to seaward of the Porcos, there is anchorage, but uncomfortable. The water is deep, and frequently there exists a disagreeable swell. In the top of the largest island is a gully through which squalls frequently descend. Beyond the Busios lies the island

of Victoria, where the anchorage is far more commodious. Here too there are one or two houses, and some straggling attempts at cultivation. Canoes come here and to the Busios for fish. In the evening you see them returning to the mainland before the evening breeze, darting over the waves, from whose crests they could hardly be discerned, their white sails looking like foam as they dived into the yawning abysses. We called one of these canoes alongside, wanting to buy some fish. The extreme caution of its proprietor, who first lowered his sail, and then backed alongside, showed that he had long ago carried a vote of "want of confidence" in his vessel. He willingly, like a deluded mortal, exchanged some fish for some salt pork, and probably repented his bargain when he began to eat what he had so coveted.

CHAPTER XII

ILHA GRANDE—DOS RIOS—THE TENTATIVA—PRAYA PALMAS—
ANDREA SMITH—CANOEING—LOST IN A WOOD—IN THE WATER
STREAM FLOWING SWIFTLY!—UNEXPECTED KINDNESS—GREEN
COFFEE—A VOLUNTEER—ALBROO—CUSTARD APPLES—LOREGA—
NAUTILI—GEYSER ROCK.

ILHA GRANDE is, as its name implies, a large island that runs parallel to the mainland, stretching from the west end of the Marambya to Point Joetinga. It has appertaining to it many snug bays, chiefly on the landward side, that afford good shelter to ships. The only bay on the seaward side that we visited, was named Dos Rios, from two mountain streams that run near its village. This bay is sheltered by Georgi Grego from any tempest, and is a snug little cove, though better fitted for small vessels than for large. One of the streams ran between the beach and the village, that stood rather back. Lofty palms rose by the banks of this rivulet, and under their shade bullocks were stretched, basking in genuine Brazilian laziness. The chief point remarkable about these bullocks was, that they were not for sale—a fact which of course takes

away all interest from animals that might otherwise have seemed picturesque.

We did not stay here long enough to land. But once, when we were lying at anchor in the bay of Georgi Grego, some of our officers came over in a cutter, and landed. They roamed about trying to get at the village, which was guarded by the two streams in different directions. While they took long circuitous routes in hope of surmounting these obstacles, they heard the sound of many muskets, and saw the "Geyser" steam furiously into the bay with their recall hoisted.

"Down the precipitous rocks they sprang,"

and rushed on board to receive a severe reprimand for having detained the vessel, while there were some ships in the offing to be boarded. They were not reprimanded for that, certainly, but for having left their boat, which was against orders, while detaining the ship does not come under the admiralty regulations.

The fact was, that while at Georgi Grego we were watching for a barque, named the Tentativa, that was expected to arrive from the coast of Africa with 800 slaves on board. The look-out man on the island, knowing that a barque was expected, discovered that every thing that hove in sight was a barque, having no doubt some peculiar obliquity of vision that led him astray.

On the day that these officers had landed, the look-out man saw a barque and two schooners in the offing. We at once concluded that this barque was the Tentativa, and that the two schooners had gone out to warn her of our presence, and to land her cargo for her. Accordingly we went out with all despatch, and found the barque resolve itself into the Brazilian corvette *Bertioga*, cruising on the look-out for slavers, with a brigantine and schooner.

Numerous other tricks were played by our look-out man's distempered vision. We frequently got under weigh to find a brig where we had expected a barque. We took one of her Britannic Majesty's corvettes for the barque Tentativa. And finally, after all this sedulous watching, the Tentativa escaped us, and landed her slaves to the northward, at St. Joam de Macahé, where they were seized by the authorities, after a vain attempt at an auction on the beach. This might be called positively disagreeable, to be thus swindled of our prize money.

The easternmost, and the largest bay of Ilha Grande is Palmas, of which I have some pleasant recollections. The land about the bay is high, and shelters it from all winds. On the right, as you enter the bay, is a long smooth expanse of grass, sloping gently upwards from the rocks, that rise abruptly out of the water. Toward.

the top of this lawn are trees, small and straggling at first, which soon grow into a thick wood. Just similar to this is the smooth water, that runs down a slope, constructed of planks by the artful proprietor of the grounds. Long the descending water retains its glassy calmness, then near the foot some little curls commence to show themselves, and at the bottom it is broken at once into innumerable ripples.

There are three villages on the shores of this bay. The largest, Praya Grande (Praya signifying village), stands on the right hand as you enter, but is partially hidden from the anchorage by a projecting point. Praya Palmas, the second in size, stands at the back of the beach that adorns the head of the bay, and the third village lies opposite to Praya Grande, and is minus a name.

April 5.—Landed with another midshipman. We engaged places in a canoe that had come alongside with fruit and eggs, and that had now discharged the greater part of its cargo. We lay down in the bottom of the boat, while the gentlemanly old planter, and the stout negro, who composed the crew, stood up and urged it swiftly over the gently rippling waters. We rewarded the gentleman with half a dollar, and leapt on shore in the small village whose name we had not the honour of knowing. We searched through the houses in vain for

some member of the masculine gender, but found only many women, eggs, and reeds drying for some future use. In one house we stumbled on a very good spy-glass, which led us to conclude that its owner had been at one time captain of a slaver. At last we lighted on a truculent black-whiskered Brazilian, every line of whose countenance seemed to express some different villany, who informed us that Andrea, the object of our search, was not to be found.

This personage whom Brazilians called Andrea, but English, Smith, was a Brazilian by birth, who at an early age had sailed for America, and had remained in that

"Land of the great and free,
Of wealth and power and liberty,"

so long that he had forgotten his own language, and supplied its place with English. He then returned to Brazil, and commenced picking up his own tongue, and dropping the acquired tongue at an equal rate. When we saw him he had learned half the Brazilian language, and forgotten half the English, so that he knew the whole of no tongue. Yet he was exceedingly useful to us as an interpreter, though occasionally he would stick at some hard word.

We explained to the savage, who came in Andrea's

place, that we wanted a canoe, with which he seemed loth to trust us alone. At first nothing would satisfy him but accompanying us, which we steadily refused. He received a dollar, and placed us in a canoe, with paddles in our hands. When in the act of shoving off, he paused, to thrust himself into the stern. Steady there, my good friend, we don't want you with us! so he backs out again, and we are dancing over the waves,

“Flung from the rock on ocean's foam to sail,
Where'er the surge might sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.”

We paddled first to a small sandy bay, where the second class boys were bathing and amusing themselves, under the superintendence of the master at arms. We land here, when lo! the truculent man is seen following us in a smaller canoe, to look after the safety of the vessel he had so unwillingly intrusted to our care. He has to be sworn at, and driven away, after which we paddle alongside the “Geyser” to fetch another midshipman. The breeze had freshened, and the “Geyser,” that was much given to motion, was rolling “some;” so it was ticklish work getting the canoe along side, and keeping her clear of the ladder. With such a breeze we found the canoe somewhat unsteady, so, on reaching the shore again, we resigned her and went for a walk. Our road led us first through trees, at the foot of one of which sat an Irishman scraping the mandioc root. His face was

so good-natured, and so unlike the general profile of a negro's countenance, that he was at once voted to be an Irishman, and would have been addressed in genuine Irish, if we had known any words of that language. "Upbubboo," though a purely Irish word, seemed not to be familiar to him.

A broad well-kept path, with tall reeds on each side, through which we saw golden oranges weighing down their boughs, led us to the sandy beach, from which we dived into the recesses of a wood that clothed the sides of a small hill. Here we found a calabash-tree, with its huge fruit hanging from the slenderest stalks imaginable, that spring out of the branches or trunk of the tree. These calabashes are cut in two, dried, and used as cups or dishes to hold eggs, or water, or farina, or some hundred other articles. We now clambered up a perpendicular bank, clutching at roots and branches, and sending the loose earth crumbling to the bottom at every step, and on gaining the top found ourselves in a thick forest. There seemed at first something like a path, but this soon faded into obscurity, and we found ourselves lost, as an Irishman might say. First we turned our steps wherever light appeared through the tree-tops, till we discovered that there were no vestiges of a path, and that we were in worse than a labyrinth. The musquitoes, that at first had buzzed about us

wonderingly, not knowing what we were, began to take sharper measures to discover our identity. Truly mosquitoes must be animals of a later date than other beasts; since, if they had existed in Paradise, Adam and Eve would soon have found that they were naked. At last we found an exit, and slid rapidly down the bank.

When we reached the village again, we found Andrea there, and we made arrangements about returning on board. It was rather a bad night, and a large canoe had to be procured, and a larger price to be paid. When all these matters were settled we lay down in the bottom of the canoe, being paddled alongside by two men. Now and then a small wave splashed against the side, and, washing over, trickled down upon us in sparkling and luminous drops. The ship was rolling even more than on our former visit, and when we were alongside there was a sudden movement, the canoe shot in under the ladder, and I found myself in the water, clutching maniacally at a rope.

April 10.—Landing just as before, some of us took a small canoe. Being forewarned, and consequently forearmed, I sat perfectly still during a small succession of shiverings and quiverings with which the canoe commenced its happy reign, when shoved off. As soon as it was composed I took the paddle, and away we went

towards Praya Palmas. Beaching our vessels there, we landed, and commenced to explore the village, in which grog-shops greatly predominated, there being at least three to every dozen houses. After taking a glass of wine we launched our canoes again, and steered them to a small streamlet that emptied itself into the sea in the corner of the bay. We found on arriving at it that to-day it had acted too literally, and had entirely emptied itself, in which state it would remain till the tide flowed again. We hauled our canoes across some sand, and launched them into a deepish pool, across which we paddled, and found ourselves at the mouth of the deserted stream. Into this we hauled our canoes, and waded up its bed, in which the water came not quite up to our ankles. Stepping on shore by a small creek, I came to a house where a man was hewing a block of mahogany with an adze, to the imminent danger of his limbs, so awkwardly did he handle the formidable weapon. His wife stood by, looking unconcerned, and paying more attention to some fine fowls that were strutting about than to her husband. You can't blame her for that; the fowls were worth money, whereas one does not exactly know what her husband was worth. I asked the price of these fowls.

"Dos crusados," answered the wife. Crusados are coins not much used or mentioned in Brazil, and I was ignorant of their value: they are worth tenpence each.

“Quanto crusados vale hum milree?” demanded I, in that peculiar species of Portuguese that I carried about with me. Then, with a sudden yell of triumph, the woman screeched out “Hum milree!” thus dexterously raising the price. But I was up to this, and finally the bargain was more advantageously settled; two fowls were sold for one milree. To catch the fowls, the mistress chewed some sugar-cane, and threw it to them. When they came to peck it up, she seized two, and gave them to me. On arriving in the deep pool again, we found some Brazilians in want of a passage over, as the pool was too wide for a step, and they did not like to essay a jump.

On our next visit to the shore, we returned to our former loves, and revisited this stream. It had filled itself in the interim, and had a bar, on which waves, in size totally disproportionate to the stream, were breaking furiously. The entrance to the brook was narrow, and curved slightly. On one side lay some steepish rocks, and on the other, exactly before you as you entered, was a sandbank. It was necessary that all the rower's skill should be employed to give the canoe so slight a turn, that she should avoid this bank without going too far on the other side. This was no easy matter when the waves were so high, comparatively speaking, and the swiftness of the canoe so great. In I came shooting like

an arrow over the billows, that came behind with heads erect, like a pack of white wolves, eager to devour. Before I could turn the canoe she was firmly fixed on the sand, and my pursuers, having overtaken me, were washing over the stern. Two hearty shoves sent her off; but I was not safe yet, for the tide that was coming out, caught her bow, and swung her full on the rocks, thus verifying by a modern instance that old saw:

"Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim."

In the stream itself we found it pleasant enough. The water was quite smooth, and not too deep. We paddled some way up, till stopped by bushes growing in the stream, with their branches tangled together so as to obstruct any further progress. On the bank here stood a house whence issued a stream of young and old, untidy in dress, staring at us as if we were mermaids, honest men, or some other very rare animals, seldom seen to mortal eye. At first they gazed with silent awe, but, growing bolder, soon commenced pelting us with bad oranges and a bad aim. Some of these fell into the water near us, and, being picked up, were returned at their heads with a precision and force that soon put them to flight. We drifted down the stream again, stopping where some low and stout cocoa-nut trees hung over the water, their branches sweeping so low that we

could almost have knocked the nuts off with our paddles, to ask their price of their owner. He was so exorbitant, however, that we shoved off, giving a passage to some man who wished to go down the stream, and who perched himself in the stern of my canoe, receiving an involuntary blow in the face from the end of my paddle whenever I had to shift it to the opposite side. He sprang out by some rocks on which some shirts were placed to dry, which process was materially assisted by the splashings we administered to them in passing.

We hauled our canoes into the creek that had been the scene of our former visit, and fastening them to a stump at the head, commenced ascending the hill. The path went zigzag up to a house. On our way we saw golden citrons of huge dimensions peeping from the bushes, and red coffee-berries glancing from under the cover of their green leaves. As we neared the house, a dog rushed forth barking furiously, and urged by a kick administered from within, he rolled down the hill, trying in vain to stop and bite us, and flying far past. The people of the house asked us in, and produced some coffee, made by the lady of the house, as she certainly ought to be called, even though she might have been of humble origin. So stately and majestic was she, that we felt almost ashamed of our rude appearance; for we had discarded our shoes and stockings for the time, that

wading might not be impeded. The people of the house took farina with their coffee, just as we should take milk in England, as it dissolved and imparted the same colour to the coffee on being mixed with it. The lady of the house would take no remuneration for her coffee, seeming to consider our visit as an honour to her house, and treated us altogether with far more courtesy than would generally fall to the lot of Englishmen from Brazilians, or to midshipmen from their own countrymen. More particularly obnoxious was our navy to these people, as we were warring against their love of ease by attempting to stop the slave trade. If we effected our purpose, the Brazilians would be compelled to work, to which they in general manifest much repugnance.

A pretty barefooted maiden leant against one of the door posts, silent and motionless, regarding us with as much curiosity as was consistent with maidenly reserve. Another young female, who either was a wife, or ought to have been, chattered away unceasingly to us in Portuguese, and if not answered, would take off her slipper from her stockingless foot, and rap the arm of her nearest neighbour, in the way that ladies of other countries employ their fans. After listening for some little time, you would be convinced that she was a wife; no unmarried young woman would endanger her prospects of marriage by talking so much. Probably she

was only making up for the modesty she had to exhibit before that important ceremony that works such changes in a female. Some authoress has said that love, which is only a transient feeling with man, is with woman the chief aim of life. True, men have other ends in view—money, fame, religion, or other trifles of the same nature : always excepting those men who write three volume novels, and wind up their hero's and heroine's life with marriage.

Some citrons were then brought in by the sons of the house, some of these fruits being as large as a man's head. We went out also to get some oranges, and in our way saw a basket half full of coffee-berries lying in the shade. These berries, after passing through their first stage of life in a green costume, become of a most delicate red colour, when the skin has a pleasant taste, and are finally brown. This Crimean war has brought to light the fact, that unroasted coffee is deleterious in its effects, and it has been stated that the berries before roasting have some poison in them. I never felt any ill effects from eating the skin of coffee-berries, and their taste was certainly most pleasant.

We now descended the hill, forsook the stream, and paddled along the side of the bay, discovering small creeks and docks among the rocks. One creek that we got into was at first named "Safety Dock;" but a canoe being almost capsized in it, we changed the name to

"Danger Dock," thus going at once into the other extreme.

May 4th. We had discovered on a former occasion the existence of a capital glass (*nauticè* for telescope) in one of the grog-shops, bearing the name of Dollond, London. We wanted to buy this, and the owner asked thirty-five milreis. When we complained of this as too much, and were about to suggest thirty instead, he suddenly descended to twenty-two in the most unaccountable manner.

Praya Palmas is divided into two villages, by a rocky promontory running down from the hills at the back. In going towards this, I passed a house prettily situated among the trees, in front of which sat the family, its master having his head bandaged, and looking as melancholy as people generally are when afflicted with a headache. He volunteered to assist me in my search for eggs, first asking if he could be employed on board the "Geyser." "Marinero—pulley de ropp—dey taker me—ch?" I answered in the negative, and we went together—first to the house of an old woman who kept a few eggs in a box, and had probably kept them for some few years, as inestimable treasures. Then we crossed the promontory by a picturesque path, and found in the other village a seaman who spoke English, and wished to charge for that language in addition to the

usual price of eggs. I did not stay any time in this village, which was materially the same as the other. In returning, my acquaintance stopped me as I was climbing the hill. We stood beneath the shadow of an over-arching tree by a lofty rock hidden from one village by the promontory, from the other by a small grove, a sufficiently secret and romantic spot for either murder or robbery. But the man did not intend to employ either. He burst forth into a flood of broken English, the volubility of which was only equalled by its unintelligibility. "I say, run way—no go bore sheep—sheep no coot—live shore—run way—shore ver coot." These words, accompanied by a profusion of shakes both of the head and finger, implied that I was to run away from the navy, which was really a piece of such excellent advice that I followed it as soon as I arrived in England.

Next to Palmas Bay is the bay of Albroo. One day, we had anchored between Marambya and the east end of Ilha Grande, a place which I take the liberty of recommending men-of-war in general studiously to avoid. About three next morning a heavy swell set in, and made the ship roll so fearfully as to chase unwilling slumber from every body's eyes, and therefore to make every body to execrate every body else's. We got under weigh, being unable to stand such rocking that sent every thing clattering about the decks, broke open the

scuttles, hurled every desk in the berth down from its shelf to the table, and deluged the deck with water. Coming up at four, I found the vessel lying to, under her fore and aft sails, and drifting slowly to leeward. The water that we left to windward, had formed itself into large eddies and calm circling pools. Suddenly a small schooner darted out from under Marambya, and flew along before the wind at a slashing rate towards Rio. The quartermaster of the watch at once declared her to be a slaver for thus taking advantage of a fair wind, which is a thing that only slavers do, and I was too seasick and miserable to dispute his verdict. To suppose that sea-sickness always goes off after the first few days is a fearful mistake, as people generally find some time to their cost. At about eight the steam was got up, and we stood into Albroo Bay, which we found spacious, commodious, and beautiful.

The land rises to a great height above the sea, and at the top there is a gully, through which the wind often rushes impetuously down, and sweeps dark and swift over the surface of the water. Ten or a dozen canoes lay fishing in the middle of the bay. Here, as in more civilized countries, it never rains but it pours; and in like manner the finny tribe come always in shoals to Albroo, and depart in the same manner. So one day there is not a fisher to be seen, while on another the bay

will be alive with canoes, and the water will glitter with struggling fish. The *delegarde* of the place came alongside in a handsome and roomy canoe, bringing a stock of oranges and custard apples as presents for the officers. Nowhere else in Brazil did we meet with custard apples, and even here they were scarce. This is much to be regretted, as a more excellent fruit does not exist. Their rough skin conceals a white soft pulp that melts in the mouth—far better than their namesakes. They are found in greater quantities in the West Indies.

The *delegarde* dined with the captain, as there happened to be a service dinner that day. During dinner the loud tones of his voice rose to the deck through the open skylight, and we heard frequently recurring the word “milreis,” that is used so often in Brazilian conversation, and so aptly typifies that nation. For the milree, though an insignificant coin, is made of a thousand yet more insignificant; and thus the Brazilian nation, small in itself, is composed of infinitely less important units. While the *delegarde* was at dinner the two slaves who had brought him alongside remained in the canoe, which they offered to sell us for twenty milreis. Milreis again! They did not seem to care how their master got on shore, after they had so advantageously disposed of his canoe for him.

The other bay that we visited was Longa, where we

stayed while our master was surveying the rock on which we had struck. It is but a small bay, and we had to lie outside it. One of the inhabitants came alongside with a basket of paper nautilus shells, which he sold at a vinten, or a halfpenny, each. They got so much chipped however by frequent handling, that there were few good specimens. We had met with these shells before, but not in such plenty or at such cheap rates. At Rio Janeiro they cost exactly the same as they would in England. A pair could be procured for five shillings, and at Rio they cost a milree each. A man at Palmas Bay also brought some on board, but for these he wanted sixpence each.

Next day such quantities of nautilus shells were brought alongside as would have astonished any shell collector. I bought two baskets full, containing about seventy, for one milree. Of these I managed to bring safely home not less than fifteen pair, and as people who bring one pair safely home are considered lucky, I must be looked upon as unusually so in that matter. The plan I adopted was as follows. On going into Rio I procured an empty case full of sawdust, as the bill expressed it. In this I packed the shells, filling each with sawdust, and pouring plenty around them. Each layer was separated from the other by a sheet of paper.

One of the shell-sellers informed our captain that

about a month ago a steamer struck upon the rock our boats were surveying: that she stayed as if looking at it for some time, and then fled as swiftly as possible from the fatal spot. He did not know what had become of her, but he fancied she must have gone down, as her injuries were very severe. Some of their people had discovered a great deal of her plank and copper on the rock. He little thought that while he spoke he stood on the deck of the very ship. The master on exploring this rock found as follows:—

“Geyser Rock” is about the size of a paddle-box boat, having only a few feet of water on it at low tide. and lying in deep water, with six fathoms alongside it. The bearings taken are these, the distances having been measured by Massey’s patent log, a most useful invention, in general use in the navy at the present day.

Peak of Marambya over the east end of Ilha Grande. East.

Convent in the town of Villa Grande, between two small islands, west of the Porcos Islands. N. 10° E.

Point Japoya. W. 1¼ mile.

Ambaya Seca Island. S. 11°; E. ¾ of a mile.

CHAPTER XIII.

CASATIBA, OR ORANGE BAY—A DELEGARDE—AN ORANGE GROVE—
TAKE A 'POON, FIG !—BRAZILIAN AVARICE—SINGULAR EFFECTS OF
BRAZILIAN TOBACCO—A DEPOT FOR SLAVES—ST. SEBASTIAN—
PORTUGUESE AND BRAZILIAN BUILDERS—SANTOS.

WITHIN Point Joetinga we found a capacious bay that seemed to have no fixed name. The makers of charts had given it none, and so left it to the discretion of any captains who might visit the place. It was necessary that some name should be inscribed in the log, and the master therefore called it Casatiba Bay, under which name it may be discovered in the Log of H. M. Steam sloop "Geyser" by any who care to inspect that interesting document at the Admiralty. The sailors called it by the less dignified name of "Orange Bay," from the abundance of that fruit which they plucked on shore. Of course this title was banished from the ship's log. Any one who should exclaim, "what's in a name?" at the Admiralty, would find that Shakspeare is not generally recognised as a naval authority, and has no interest in the matter of promotions and appointments.

Finding the place thinly inhabited by the human race, and almost destitute of spirituous liquors, the captain resolved upon giving a general leave, and letting the seamen run riot among the oranges. The governor of the place, whom he consulted, had no objection. So all, or nearly all, the men were turned ashore, and general leave was also granted to the officers.

We found the *delegarde*, a worthy obliging old gentleman, standing before his cottage door in light attire, with all the rural simplicity of a village philosopher, reminding us of "my neighbour Flamborough" when called upon to honour Mr. Jenkinson's note of hand. The *delegarde* of a Brazilian village seems to unite in his own person the duties and responsibilities of the parson, clerk, constable, churchwarden, and all who are in authority in an English village. The government of an English village is a representative government, like that of the country, while that of a Brazilian village is a despotism tempered by want of power. How the governors are appointed I cannot say. They are generally the richest in the place, frequently the owners of the largest shop. Their power does not seem to be great, or generally recognised. But as a village keeps itself in order without much jurisdiction, perhaps their authority is not needed, and the governor of Casatiba did not seem likely to obtrude it upon his

subjects in an officious manner. Though dignified, he did not think himself degraded by selling fowls, eggs, and fruit. He kept a small store in his house of articles of food, among which was some English porter.

After holding a short conversation with him, we went into the country for a walk. The scenery here was of a quiet subdued order of beauty, not partaking of that gorgeous character that generally distinguishes the scenery of the tropics. We plunged into an orange grove at the back of the village, where several of our men were plucking the ripe fruit, and feasting upon it with all the energy of school-boys let loose upon a pastry-cook's. The air was thick and heavy with the perfume of the oranges. On all sides you saw nothing but branches, bowing beneath the load of their golden fruit. At the further end of this grove we came to a stream, on the opposite side of which was a gate, a positive miracle in so remote a quarter. We turned back here to feast on the oranges. Some we found whose skins were perfectly black, from the richness of their pulp. What became of them in general seemed doubtful; an English man-of-war does not come yearly to thin the trees of their profusion.

In one corner of the bay was a fresh-water lake, on which the men were paddling about in canoes. One

canoe had a large leak just above the water line, and while its inhabitant paddled on in blissful unconsciousness of this danger, a swimmer would come behind and weigh down the canoe till the water rushed in at this leak, and caused the vessel to turn a somersault.

As twilight advanced, and the shades of night came down more darkly, the fire-flies were seen flitting from bush to bush, like sparks struck from a grindstone. The black mountains around frowned upon the bay. The Geyser lay upon the waters, a dark and indistinct mass, her spars rising in strong relief against the sky, while the lights from her stern shed a flickering glare over the tossing waves, gleaming capriciously on the boats that pulled from the shore.

Next day the governor and his two sons came to breakfast with the captain, who invited some of the officers, and amongst them "the writer of these pages" to meet his distinguished guests. The governor—I do not apply to him that word in its slang, but in its official sense—was of a gross habit of body, and might well be called a "heavy father;" while his two sons were "lean and hungry," and would have excited Cæsar's displeasure as much as Cassius. A grand breakfast had been prepared, to which the governor did justice, being probably a perfect stranger to most of the ingredients

of the meal. But the sons held back, saying they had breakfasted before, and confined themselves to a cup of tea. During breakfast the steward handed round a dish of marmalade. One of the sons took a spoonful, and in evident bewilderment popped it into his tea. Then, seeing that the spoon was not free from small particles of the marmalade, he thrust it into his mouth, licked it hastily, and replaced it in the dish. The old governor got on swimmingly, being initiated into the mysteries of sardines and potted meat, much to his satisfaction.

On my next visit to the shore, I went for a short trip upon the lake. I got a canoe, and paddled about exploring shallow parts, where tiny streams trickled down among rocks, and dashing up broad arms of the lake, where I found the water far too shallow even for so small a craft. I was upset three times, owing to the culpable negligence of my companion. Being wet through, I bathed, and found others follow my example. A fat boatswain's mate, while swimming about, suddenly shrieked, and retreated to the shore, being frightened by what he called a small alligator, which caused him to shake through his fat in the most ludicrous manner. Beyond the lake was a hill, on the side and summit of which was another village, with which our governor had no connection. I walked with

another up this hill, finding in our way a cocoa-nut tree low enough to enable us to reach some of its fruit, and drain them of their milk. Real cocoa-nut milk, when fresh and new, is as different from the oil that goes under that name in England, as fresh milk is from chalk and water. On arriving at the summit of this hill, the ascent of which was remarkably steep, we came to some houses. Before one front door a parent was seated, whose daughter was engaged in removing certain animals from his person. Further on, we met a sportsman with a small bird in his hand, a trophy earned by a rusty old gun, which, of course, he was willing to sell. A Brazilian is always ready to sell any thing belonging to him, if he thinks he will not get more from another bidder. I doubt whether he would stick at disposing of his soul, in the established melodramatic manner.

In the governor's orange grove we found the men hard at work as before, strewing the ground with trophies of victory in the shape of orange skins.

A circumstance which took place to day leads me to doubt the excellence of Brazilian tobacco, and perfectly justifies me in attributing to it more noxious properties than ever did a certain monarch, author of a "Counterblast to Tobacco." I am not aware that the *herba nicotiana*, sive tobacco, was ever before found to exercise

such a baneful influence over the human faculties, as it did in the case I am about to relate. One of our engineers was found stretched in the paddle-box boat, that was hauled up on the beach, in a state of blissful unconsciousness. We, poor ignorant mortals, fancied this arose from drink, having a little experience in the effects of liquor. From the defence set up by the engineer when he was hauled over the coals, we learnt the powers of Brazilian tobacco, which may hereafter be classed, by some scientific inquirer, with the salmon eaten at public dinners.

“I wasn’t drunk, sir, not by no means. I was just kinder stupefied, sir, not by drink at all. I’ll just tell ye how it was. I had one glass, or it may be two glasses, or it might be three glasses, sir, o’ porter, and one glass o’ grog, which wasn’t nothing like enough to make *me* drunk, sir! And then I filled my pipe, and lit it, sir—some of this B’zilian baccar it was, sir, and then I felt quite stupefied, sir. I know’d I was in the boat, and I know’d you was there, and I heerd all you said, sir; but I couldn’t speak. It was the ‘cat (I suppress the obvious pun, which Mr. Cuthbert Bede may wish to make on some future occasion) of the day, and the B’zilian baccar, I think, sir. But to say I was drunk, sir, is ludicrous; I was only stupefied, sir!”

Here ends my account of Casatiba; but I must not

omit to mention that we bought some bullocks of the governor at remarkably cheap rates. If these pages should fall into the hands of any captain of any ship on the coast of Brazil, I would recommend him to pay a visit to Casatiba, where he will probably be received with as much civility as that which fell to the lot of the "Geyser."

To the southward of the islands that I described before, lies that of St. Sebastian, running parallel to the mainland, and forming a channel through which steamers can go safely and easily enough. In this island is a bay named Sombreo, which we visited. We found it to be only partially cleared and cultivated. Much of it was covered with thick wood, and the soil seemed stubborn. It belonged to a planter who lived elsewhere, and left the control of the place to two negroes, who lived alone in a mud hut. But though deserted by the human race, the bay teemed with mosquitoes, and an almost viler class of flies called burrahshutahs. Any one who should write an ode to Brazilian scenery would probably begin,

"Ye mountains, on whose woody heights
The greedy burrahshutah bites;
Ye forests, in whose tangled mazes
The dire mosquitoes sting like blazes!"

and so on to the end of the canto. Things that would

be romantic and poetical in themselves, are sadly spoiled by the introduction of such utilitarian adjuncts as musquitoes. Greedy animals, I am ashamed of you. Cannot you for once forego your dinner, and feast your mind with the poetry of the landscape?

This bay had evidently at one time been a rendezvous and watering-place for slavers. In one corner a stream gushed down through runnels and artificial channels, one of which was the "leaguer" or water cask so much used in the slave trade. We found this place very convenient for replenishing our tanks. Our *modus operandi* was to clear out and clean out one of the paddle-box boats, tow it ashore, and turn the stream into it by one of our hoses: then to tow it alongside, and empty it by means of our fire-engines.

I landed at this place on one occasion. We, for of course I always had a companion with me, went to the hut where the negroes dwelt, and struck up an acquaintance with them. Their abode was low and filthy in the extreme. A piece of meat that hung against the wall, was covered with crawling animals, to whose presence the negroes seemed absolutely indifferent. One of them was much marked with the scars of the lash and fetter, and complained that his master ill-treated him. I think it right to add, that I found no other negro in Brazil who made the same complaint. We

gave these two men some tobacco, which they received with avidity. Just round their hut the ground was cleared, and fruit grew there. There were plenty of bananas and oranges, but the latter were hard and of a bad kind. There was one lemon tree, covered with silvery fruit like patches of snow, or gleams of moonlight through a window. These fruits, of course, did not belong to the negroes, and they were consequently glad enough to sell them at a trifling sum. A bunch of bananas cost twopence, a basketful of oranges or lemons the same. If asked how they could afford to sell things so cheaply, they might have answered, with the countryman whom Tom Sheridan met, "they bea'nt none of them mine." In all other parts but just around the negroes' hut, the wood was quite impassable.

From Sombreo one day we stood towards the passage between St. Sebastian and the mainland. The shore here was high and bold, with well-wooded promontories stretching out far ahead, with a sort of indistinct haze hanging around them. Skirting the shore, and marking the contrast between the dark foliage that clothed these jutting points, and the dazzling white sand of the bays they enclosed, we entered upon the channel. The depth of water is greatest near the island, on which the scenery is magnificent. The steep rocky sides of the mountain ridge that ran parallel to the channel, were interspersed

with belts of forest; and through breaks among these trees many a white cataract dashed down in a straight line of foam. Over one pinnacle of rock, in a woody thicket that stood on a higher pinnacle, appeared a mass of red flowers, like a gigantic ruby set in the rock, or as if a fountain of the purest wine bubbled up from the hard stone.

Occasionally we passed some village or isolated house, while tiny canoes darted out from the shore with their sails spread, and flew across the strait. In one of the hamlets we saw traces of Portuguese hands. Though small and dilapidated, it yet possessed a white church in the midst of mud houses. The antiquity of the sacred building was not the sole proof of its origin. The presence of a church is in itself sufficient to show whether Portuguese or Brazilians have founded the village. It is said that the first building that Portuguese settlers erect is a church: the first Brazilians build is a grog-shop. We order these matters better in England, and build both at the same time.

The town of St. Sebastian stands on the mainland opposite to the island, which also boasts a town named Villa Nova, where, according to Purdy, refreshments can be obtained. What this term is supposed to include, is doubtful. The island lies in latitude $23^{\circ} 51'$ south, and longitude $45^{\circ} 46'$ west. This for the information of all

whom it may concern. Some little way below lie the bay, town, and river of Santos, where there is, or ought to be, an English vice-consul. We merely stayed there half a day, so we had no intercourse with that official. When we visited the bay, we found a Swedish barque at anchor close under the fort. We had some reason to suspect her of slaving propensities, and waited three days outside the bay to capture her if she thought fit to appear, and if her guilt remained as clear as before.

We may reasonably conclude that English men-of-war have a perfect right to board vessels, or to capture them, even when they are under the shelter of Brazilian forts. In Rio Janeiro, this right is not conceded to our men-of-war. It is perhaps injudicious to attempt the seizure of any ship under a fort, because many commanders of forts have an opinion in favour of the slave trade, and would open fire upon your vessel. Any such fracas would be disagreeable.

CHAPTER XIV.

PORT FRIO—WRECK OF H.M.S. THETIS—THE VILLAGE AND FORT—
CAPE ST. THOME—ODD FISH—WHALES—CORYPHENES, NOT DOL-
PHINS—SHARKS.

ABOUT the first half of our stay in Brazil was devoted to cruising to the southward. For the latter half we migrated to the northward, our cruising ground commencing with the Cape St. Thome, and stretching to the river of Espiritu Santo. When I state that this cruising ground was more monotonous than the last, people will call me gloomy, and say that I took the worst view of naval life. My only revenge will be to wish they had a short trial of my situation there. Perhaps they would then retract their opinion, if they could do so with dignity.

The nearest port to Rio Janeiro going northwards is Port Frio, a bay within the cape of the same name. Some interest attached to Cape Frio from the circumstances of the wreck of H. M. S. Thetis, which vessel was lost here with many lives, and some gold. She

sailed from Rio on her homeward voyage, bearing with her a large freight. Driven out of her course by currents, of whose existence neither the captain nor master were aware, prevented from ascertaining her position with any certainty by thick fogs, the *Thetis* suddenly discovered that the land, which was supposed to be far removed, was close ahead. The cape rises 1000 feet almost perpendicularly from the sea, and its great height causes an equal depth of water at its base. Consequently the ill-fated vessel came with a crash against the rocky sides before touching the bottom. The masts at once fell, crushing many of the men. She then drifted into a cove, and many, including the captain, were enabled to land here safely, by a rope hitched round one of the rocks. Some got over to the village in canoes, till the avaricious natives refused their services any longer unless they received immediate payment. This the poor shipwrecked men were not in a position to afford. The ship, that had sunk at their feet, was laden with gold, piles of which metal lay within a few fathoms of them, but as much removed from them as ever was the food from the grasp of Tantalus. While they were thus situated, the captain of the fort came forward and freely advanced forty milrees to the captain of the *Thetis*, though he could scarcely expect payment. Such is true generosity, though he did not head any subscription list,

or ask for an I. O. U. "just as a mere matter of form, my dear sir." Eventually the sunken treasure was recovered. The crew were soon rescued from their position by the arrival of the admiral, and some ships from Rio. A detailed and interesting account of this wreck, amongst others, is to be found in "Gilly's Shipwrecks of the Royal Navy."

Port Frio is a beautiful little bay, hemmed in by high land. The best anchorage is close to the fort, but the bay is too open to give always a good shelter. Plenty of fish are to be found here. Two magnificent rock cod were brought alongside by the natives, and sold at a milree each. The "stock," in which name we included all fruit, eggs, and poultry, was sent principally to Rio, and was therefore dearer than at many like places on the coast. The canoes are of a larger size and stronger built than the general run of such vessels, being moreover propelled by oars, instead of paddles. The principal manufactures of this village are cotton fishing-lines, made of undyed cotton, and very strongly spun. They are dear in proportion to the dyed lines that we saw elsewhere. The fowls and fruit brought alongside did not meet with a ready market, being too dear. The master-at-arms, who was a Portuguese scholar, made many bargains, which he conducted chiefly with his forefinger. Each motion of that instrument had some separate signification.

First. The *affirmative*, on being asked if he wished to buy.

Second. The *demonstrative*, as pointing out the articles of his choice.

Third. The *negative*, at refusing some exorbitant charge.

Fourth. The *interrogative*, at asking the price again.

Fifth. The *indignant*, on finding it higher than before.

Sixth. The *sign of assent*, on concluding the bargain favourably.

Seeing so many fish brought alongside, we landed one morning to haul the seine, in a sandy bay, where was a sloping beach, and where no rocks would prove destructive to the meshes of the net. It was dark when we left the ship at four o'clock in the morning, and, as we neared the shore, the white sand in front rose like a wall, or a drift of snow. On landing we found it hard and marbly, very fine, moreover, and thus very comfortable, to the bare feet. Our seine hauling was unsuccessful; three draws produced only three large fish and a heap of small fry.

Later in the day I paid a visit to the village. I stepped into a fishing canoe that had come alongside, with an old man armed with a paddle as steerer, and two youths as rowers. We shoved off, and the old man,

not wishing to confine himself to one thing at a time, hitched a fishing-line round his great toe, and let it tow astern, while wielding the paddle with his hands. He was barefooted, like most inhabitants of Brazilian villages. To go about barefooted does not much suit the European, as there are some little animals peculiar to Brazilian shores, called jiggers, that get into your foot, form a bag for the procreation of children, and breed at the rate of one per minute. The bag swells and swells, giving rise to a sensation of tickling, and has finally to be cut out, leaving behind a hole in your foot.

The two sons gave way, and, flying round the point on which the fort stood, we sped onward, under the shade of a rocky cliff crowned with wood, and landed on the white sandy beach in front of the village. There was now no surf, the water being like a lake or mill-pond, according as you are poetical, or the reverse. A lake is more poetic than the other, but not always perfectly still. Two men stood on the beach, pouring sand on the head of a noble rock cod that no one in the "Geyser" would buy. Two black girls were conversing with two young whites in those gay tones that belong to flirtation. The village is a miserable hamlet, composed chiefly of mud huts, amongst which stands a church. The shops were poor and meagre. I wanted to get some *pimentos*—i. e., bird's eye pepper—which the

Brazilians use extensively, bolting them headlong a dozen at a time, though the smell and sight of one is enough to season a whole dinner. None were to be had here, and, finding nothing in the village, I set off on foot towards the fort, going along the top of the cliff. A broad walk led there, plentifully fringed with shrubs, through which an occasional break gave me a view of the sea, its blue surface gemmed here and there by a solitary white crest. At the end of this walk was a heavy gate, that required to be climbed. Some civilisation was apparent in this gate, and the walk, which was carefully kept.

I found the fort close at hand, and after inspecting its guns, was gazing upon the sea, standing upon a small pinnacle, at whose feet small waves were breaking, when I heard a shout behind, and turning round saw a gawky lad, leading a mule laden with bricks, who looked inquisitively upon me. He commenced a string of jabber, which I cut short by asking if he were the captain of the fort. He answered that he was—I suppose the weight of his dignity caused his ungainly stooping; I asked what was the calibre of the guns, and he said they were four-pounders, though rather resembling nines or twelves. Part of the guard-house evidently needed the repairs he was about to bestow. As I was going, he called me, and pointed to the bricks signi-

ificantly, as who should say, "Come and help me;" but to labour under a hot sun, and in full view of the "Geyser," would have been too heating for a man, and too undignified for an officer.

After repassing the gate, I struck into a narrow path leading to the beach, where we had hauled the seine. Frequently, as I advanced, the quick rustle of the grass and brushwood told of some lizard's presence, and occasionally I saw its little eyes peep out timidly from a thick bush. On the side of the hill above this beach much broom stuff was to be cut, and I found two boats' crews lopping away energetically in divers parts of the wood.

The Cape St. Thome, situated a little to the northward of Cape Frio, requires much care in passing. The cape itself is low, and some distance to seaward lie some dangerous shoals. On a cloudy day, the sole course to be pursued is to go slowly, keep far from the land, have leads going constantly, and a good look-out aloft for broken water. If the day is clear, the forms of the mountains that stand inland can be seen, and your course steered according as they bear. When rounding Cape St. Thome from the northward, you should keep Mount Campos in a N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. line till you bring the peak of Macahe, that resembles a man's hand, to bear W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. You may then haul in and steer for Cape Frio,

the course to which would be about S.W. In like manner, when coming from Rio you may safely steer for Mount Campos when it bears N.W.

Near Cape St. Thome we passed a turtle lying on its back, kicking and struggling vigorously. Here also I saw a far more remarkable sight. Between us and the shore twelve whales were at play, lashing the water with their tails, sending the foam aloft in jets, while the roaring produced by the blows of their tails sounded

"Loud as the surge
That lashes Lapland's sounding shore."

Our first anchorage after passing Cape St. Thome was off the mouth of the river Campos. On the banks of this river is the town of St. Joam de Campos, where an English vice-consul was either resident or was expected to be at some indefinite period. Within the river there is depth of water enough for small vessels by the south-eastern shore, but on the north-western side and in the middle are sand-banks of some magnitude. The bar of this river is dangerous, especially when the wind blows dead in. The captain's gig was capsized in crossing it on one occasion.

Our first cruise here lasted more than a month, and was most monotonous. In my diary I find nothing but such entries as,

Tuesday.—Weighed, and proceeded N.E. Anchored in seven fathoms.

Wednesday.—Weighed, and proceeded S.W. Anchored in eight fathoms.

It is to be hoped that such constant weighing may keep my travels from being too heavy. Naturally, a continuous narrative of this period would be as dull as the period itself, and an author should not make his readers suffer all the evils he has himself encountered. Fishing was our chief amusement. There are some fish of a curious kind to be found off this coast. Some there are with beaks like parrots, with marvellous strength of jaw, possessing also white bags which, when the fish was angry, were swelled out, sundry sharp prickles at the same time appearing upon its surface. When the bag is not inflated, these prickles are soft and recumbent. The bite of this fish seemed strange; one of them bit through the stem of a tobacco pipe with the greatest ease, and seemed ready to try its powers on our fingers. I believe this fish is called a toad-fish. The flying gurnet was another strange order of fish. It had large wings, and a skin of brown tint, liberally sprinkled with blue spots. No sooner was it hauled on board than it perched itself on the deck with outspread wings, and looked so knowing as to call for as general a burst of laughter as that which welcomes a professional mountebank on the

stage, or an amateur ditto in St. Stephen's Theatre. I daresay the creature winked, though I was not sufficiently quicksighted to catch a glimpse of any such demonstration.

Several fishing-boats were generally seen hovering about off this coast. They are managed in the most lubberly manner conceivable. One came alongside the "Geyser" to inquire about a boat which some negroes were supposed to have stolen. They took the sail in some way from us, and pulled alongside, leaving their mast up, and placing our cutter that hung above in eminent danger of being speared. In the stern sheets they had a small supply of food, principally consisting of bananas, not very fit provisions for a long sea voyage. The fishing-lines generally used in these craft are made of cotton, dyed with the juice of the mango. Their hooks are made of white steel, not of blue, and are fastened in a rather peculiar manner to the lines. They fasten a number of hooks to each line, one above the other, so that when they light upon a shoal of fish they may secure more than one at each draw.

The coast here is so low that the water is correspondingly shallow, and therefore gives more chances of fish than the deeper parts. We have sometimes anchored in fourteen fathoms out of sight of land. It was found, however, that to fish satisfactorily, it was better not to

anchor, but to drift at the rate of a mile or so an hour. Only rocky bottoms are frequented by fish. To the southward the only fish we had met with had been the brilliant coryphenes, whole shoals of which were in the habit of clustering round us. At first we caught many of them with bait, but after a while they got shy, and we had to throw the grains, a sort of trident, at them. Some skill was required in handling this instrument. I cannot say any thing new about the beautiful changing colours of these fish, but perhaps it may not be generally known that they are tolerable eating. Some kinds of coryphenes are poisonous. The way to test them is to boil a sixpence with them, when, if they are poisonous, the coin will be turned black. We met several sharks of course, and caught a small one. It took a hook that was waiting for a dolphin, and was hauled up. Its mother, that was cruising near, flew at it, and seized it in her teeth, endeavouring to tear it away. But finding that, instead, she also was being hauled up, she let go, leaving solid marks of her affection upon the flesh of her offspring.

CHAPTER XV.

RIVER AND TOWN OF ESPIRITU SANTO—LEGEND—FORTIFICATIONS—
THE OLD TOWN—WHAT IS TRUTH?—IN THE COUNTRY—COTTON
HAMMOCKS—SHOPKEEPERS—FESTIVITIES FROM OUR OWN CORRE-
SPONDENT—EXCELSIOR!—BIRDS OF MANY FEATHERS—SLAVE
VESSELS.

THE most important town between Rio Janeiro and Bahia is that of Espiritu Santo, which was the northern limit of our cruising ground. The real name of this town is Victoria, but it is situated on the banks of the river Espiritu Santo, and, in accordance with the custom of the country, has assumed the name of its river. It lies about 250 miles north of Rio. Outside the mouth of this river lies the bay of Espiritu Santo, in which we anchored while waiting for a pilot. The entrance to the river is narrow, flanked by two high mountains, of which Mount Moreno is the most noticeable. We lay a day here before any pilot came, in obedience to our signal. At last a boat came alongside, bearing a man in a sort of naval uniform, which should rather be called multi-form, from its want of regularity and order. This person introduced himself as pilot, and stated that we could pass the bar at high water, when there would be three

fathoms on the shallowest part. We drew two fathoms and a quarter, so that some caution was necessary in ascending this stream. We steamed up at a snail's pace, with leads constantly going, and captain, master, and pilot on the paddle-box.

The scenery of the river was so exquisite that a poetical pilot would have infallibly run the ship aground, through constant admiration of the shore. The left side was mountainous, the right was a space of water studded with islands covered with the cactus, though there was no earth upon them, and not standing room for two persons. The water between them was still and beautiful, as if it knew no other form. On the summit of one of the mountains on the left hand, amid rocks piled upon each other fantastically, as if they had been the shuttle-cocks of giants, stood a noble fortress, as we thought, but which proved to be a convent. Sometimes a fair bay spread out its bosom, showing its shores covered with dark green foliage, and the few white cottages at its head lying peaceful and contented in an ocean of beauty. Little rocks leaped up from the water on either side, and woody points shelved down from the higher mountains. It was the spot for poetry, and the way-worn traveller might well be pardoned for giving vent to his feelings in verse, and thus filling up a page, *more majorum*.

Lightly along our vessel goes,
Like seabird on the wing,
Through narrow streams, where fragrant blows
Each genial air of spring.

High on one side the mountains frown,
Rocks pile on rocks their head,
Whence many a streamlet dashes down,
Clear as a silver thread.

There at the top, midst rear'd up rocks,
An ancient building stands,
'Twould brave the tempest's fiercest shocks,
Or fofs' presumptuous hands.

On th' other side low isles are seen,
Where green the cactus grows,
And where, beneath a leafy screen,
The humming-birds repose.

And rippling ocean blandly smiles
Where, in soft quiet, rest
The clusters thick of little isles
On her deceitful breast.

One rock, that stood at the mouth of one of these bays, had a small white stone cross erected upon it. On our inquiring the meaning of this, tradition, speaking through the mouth of the pilot, informed us that, whenever the slaves have a holiday, those who live at the town of Victoria go to a village half-way down the river, and make merry. It was no unusual thing for the slaves to get drunk and quarrel—in fact, it was the regular thing. It was no less usual for knives to be produced, and for one of the number to be killed. If, on this

tragical termination of the revel, the slayer could get into his canoe, and reach the stone on which the cross stood before being captured, he was safe by law, but if taken before reaching this point, his life was forfeit. This is a curious custom certainly, and reminds us of the cities of refuge we read of in the Old Testament.

The sole fortifications that I noticed were two little mud forts, mounting, I should imagine from their size, six or eight guns each. These did not seem to promise any great safety, as a sixty-eight pound shot well pitched, would knock fort, walls, and every thing to that unknown region which Yankees call immortal smash. Now we went close under the shadow of the lofty Pan d'Azucar, through a narrow channel, our studding-sail booms all but grazing the rocks on each side. Next minute we opened the harbour and town, off which we anchored in four fathoms. Though there were some fine buildings in this town, amongst which the governor's palace (?) is most conspicuous, its general appearance is any thing but flourishing. Most of the houses are small, dirty, and insignificant, while the larger buildings are going speedily to decay.

Half-way down the river lies a village, called the old town, in which the chief articles manufactured here, cotton hammocks namely, are to be bought more cheaply than elsewhere. The kindness of one of my former

messmates enables me to give the following account of the manufactory, which the unkindness of the doctor disenabled me from visiting:—

. “A party of us went down to the old town, situated on the right bank of the river, about a mile from the entrance; beneath the convent, and at the head of a beautiful little bay. There are extensive manufactures of the Brazilian cotton hammocks here, and we entered several houses in search of some. A stock was soon produced at prices varying from three to six and eight milrees. The impatience of the party for a ramble prevented me from making many observations respecting their manufacture; but from what was seen, the process appeared very simple. The frames were about seven feet long by three wide; and the material was South American unbleached cotton, very strong.

“Having at length succeeded in concluding our bargains to our satisfaction, we started for the convent, that towered above us. The road from the village led through a small wood in a zigzag course, and, by the remnants of paving, showed evident signs that formerly much more care had been bestowed upon it, than it is now in the habit of receiving. The position of the convent is very conspicuous, and, as it is situated on the pinnacle of a high hill, a view from it takes in a long range of coast

from north to south. On the river side the hill is almost perpendicular, but on the land side it slopes away to an extensive and well-wooded plain, which extends for miles along the south eastern coast, and is met some few miles inland by a range of fertile hills.

“The convent itself contained little worthy of notice” (I am ashamed of you, O heretical messmate! for giving vent to such a sentiment). “The chapel was small, though possessing an organ, and the establishment was used for nuns of the coloured race, none of whom were visible to us heretics.”

Though my messmate saw none of these inmates of the convent, some of the youngest boys, who landed under the supervision of the master-at-arms, stated that they fell in with some of them in a primitive state of clothing. But it must be remembered that these boys were Protestants, and Protestants can never tell the truth, even when they have no motive for doing otherwise. These boys had been probably educated in lying from their cradles, and might not know that all saints are virtuous, or might venture to cast a stigma upon the holiness of “His Holiness.”

When I first landed in the town of Victoria, I found it invaded by a party of drunken seamen, whose faces I easily recognised. Leave had been granted to our men, the consequences of which may be readily imagined.

Some were reeling about the town wildly, others sat at the corners of the streets, like mourners lamenting over the follies and vices of the age, and affording striking texts for their own meditations. After looking into some of the shops, and finding a pitiable want of solids of every kind, and an equally pitiable abundance of fluids, we sallied into the country, emerging from the filthy streets, like butterflies from their primitive fastnesses, from all the miseries of a Brazilian town to all the freshness of a Brazilian country. The breeze brooded softly over the fragrant meadow, and rustled musically through the woodland, kissing the tresses of the trees, and bearing on its wings the purest delights. We passed up a grassy slope, and came to a wood, through which we pursued the even tenor of our way. We were in such a maze of beauty that we could scarce stop to notice the broad leaves, firm and unbending as swords, their lower parts tinted with the most delicate red, that rose on each side of the path. Beyond this copse, we stopped in a meadow, on the brow of a hill, and surveyed from thence the river, meandering in graceful curves through the valley, its countless ripples flashing back the sun's rays, while houses grouped along its banks, set off by green shrubs and bushes in wanton luxuriance.

“Such things as make deep silence in the heart,
For thought to do her part.”

In this meadow was a cottage, at which we stopped to procure some drink. A woman, a boy, and a dog, were the sole inhabitants. The latter, after barking at and biting me, disappeared into the background; the two former were more courteous. The boy got us a cocoa-nut from a tree near the house, knocking the nut down by means of a long pole. At the foot of the tree stood a rock, on which the delicate tracery of the leaves above was minutely and carefully reflected. On another rock, several ears of Indian corn were basking in the sun. The outer skin of the ears is used by the Brazilians for the formation of cigarettes, tobacco being rolled up in them, just as in Turkey it is rolled up in thin leaves of paper.

Having now enjoyed the country sufficiently, we were better qualified for exploring the town. We walked up by the governor's residence, and met that identical potentate, a stout little gentleman, in a blue coat and brass buttons. We went through the grass-grown square, that had unmistakeably run to seed, and entered some shops in search of cotton hammocks and Brazilian lace. I managed to get a cotton hammock, smaller certainly and dearer than it would have been at the manufactory, but not therefore to be despised.

Stories about the lace had been in circulation. A lieutenant had brought some of very fine quality on

board, which he was pleased to consider a bargain, and one which would have an effect on somebody in England. If the said somebody was as much skilled in lace as might be expected of one of the fair sex, she would soon detect that the specimen of Brazilian manufacture had been made in England, and exported to the Brazils. She would then ask the price of it per yard, and inform her travelled acquaintance that the same lace could be bought at Messrs. Bobbins' establishment for one-fourth of what he paid for it at Espiritu Santo. Sometimes we learn more at home about the places we have visited, than we did when actually in the very places, with all our eyes open, and our ears at full stretch. We found the Brazilian lace remarkably coarse, and that any of good quality came from England. The shopmen, having no motives for concealing these particulars, informed us freely which lace was English.

It may seem curious to a nation of shopkeepers, but it is yet a fact, that Brazilians have rather a repugnance to the trouble of selling. No Brazilian John Gilpin would have alighted from his horse, at the sight of two customers. In England, if you ask for some article that is not on sale, the shopman presses you to buy something else, which he considers a fit substitute. In Brazil, if you ask for any thing that is on sale, the shopman presses you to ask for something else, which he

does not keep, that he may save himself the trouble of serving you.

Through the agency of some small ragged boys, whose hearts were opened by the present of a vinten each, we procured some fowls and eggs, with which we returned on board, to find a party of guests assembled. Such a fashionable proceeding could not lack its *vates sacer*, who accordingly, under the title of "our own correspondent," gave the following account of the ceremony, which duly appeared in some newspaper.

FESTIVITIES AT ESPIRITU SANTO.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Yesterday a party, consisting of some of the *élite* of this town, went on board the English war steamer at the invitation of her captain. After partaking of a repast, served in the noble milor's apartment with great splendour, the party proceeded to the upper deck, where an awning decorated with flags overcanopied their heads. Music now struck up, and the guests betook themselves to the noble sport of dancing. The gallant captain called on one of the young officers of the ship to take part in the dance, by taking the hand of a young lady; but this invitation the ungallant young officer declined, excusing himself politely, and without any use of the English national exclamation. Evidently the Britishers

had put on their best manners in welcoming us on board, for I did not hear the national oath of God dam once during my visit. It is in such general use, that a learned Englishman has published a work, showing that it is uttered once every five minutes by every man, woman, and child in Great Britain. This is certainly astounding. I noticed a group of midshipmen standing apart from the dancers, conversing with a small dark page, whose attire was handsome, consisting of a glazed hat with a gold band, a blue jacket with yellow buttons, and a pair of top-boots. An elderly lady was noticed with peculiar attention by these midshipmen, and I understand that some rumours were in circulation concerning her age, some midshipmen asserting her to be thirty-two, others only eighteen. By special information of a peculiar character, I am enabled to state that the latter conjecture was correct; but as our ladies grow old when quite young, comparatively speaking, and as this lady had a son aged four, and a second child of tenderer years, the former guess should be by no means considered ill founded.

The dancing over, the sailors on the fore-castle entertained the company with some songs, one of which being the request of a certain negro to a certain damsel named Susannah, that she would refrain from tears on his account, as he was going a journey on hers, had

a striking effect, as all the sailors joined in each chorus. The life of the chief singer is somewhat remarkable, as he had once appeared on the stage. In my next letter, I purpose to commence a biography of this remarkable man.

The company now returned to the shore, the popular and high-spirited captain causing blue lights to be burned and rockets to be thrown up, that light might shine upon the benighted guests as they returned to the shore. The fire-works flung a glare upon the buildings that stood close to the water's edge, and lighted up the faces of the wonder-struck peasants, who thronged the streets all agape with wonder. As I climbed up behind my lady's carriage, I could not refrain from casting a farewell look at the vessel, to the detriment of my silk stockings, that had been put on clean for the occasion, and were now unsightly from mud splashes.

To-day the Brazilian steamer "Maria" arrived here, and has been busy taking in wood, which is used generally by Brazilian steamers instead of coal, which would be too expensive. Her captain and the governor of Espiritu Santo were on bad terms, which accounts for the absence of the governor from our festivities.

The next morning I landed early, with some of my messmates, for an excursion up the river. It was then about five in the morning, and was raining furiously.

While the others went to look for a canoe, I hoisted myself, with a gun and basket of provisions, into a ruinous house, having one room completely to myself. The rest of the house seemed closed and inhabited; the room I occupied was open on one side by the absence of the wall, and had sundry cavities in its floor. The rain, however, did not penetrate. I saw my messmates wandering disconsolately about the streets, that shone with rain, and presently a Brazilian came to prepare a canoe, in which we lodged ourselves and our provisions, when the weather had moderated somewhat. We then started up the river, five people with four paddles. The Brazilian took his station in the stern as steerer, and guided the canoe a mile out of her way, going on the wrong side of an island, that he might entice us to an inn, where he expected to be treated. When the canoe came near the white house at the corner of a creek, he pointed to it, and exclaimed "Bono venda la!" We were up to his wiles, and refused to go thither. Excelsior! was our cry. On went the canoe, sweeping up the river, her occupants standing up and paddling manfully. In our desire for safety and steadiness, we had procured rather a heavy canoe, and could not urge her to such speed as we desired. This, however, was no serious fault, a lighter canoe would probably have been overturned, which would have led to the loss of our gun, and other

valuables. At last, being caught in a shower, we made for the shore, and took refuge in a hut, placing the basket of provisions in an adjoining shed.

Having breakfasted off cold meat, we proceeded to prepare an immediate luncheon of ham and eggs. The owner of the hut was indemnified for any trouble we might cause him by a wine glass of raw rum, which he swallowed with a look of comic ecstasy, jumping and whistling with joy. The fire in the hut was too large, and the smoke crept into our eyes, stinging like myriads of gnats. Under such circumstances, we could not attain to any excellence of cookery; but there is always something sweeter in what you have cooked yourself, than in the choicest efforts of a *cordon bleu*. Not that this pleasure would always last; but there is the same inspiration in your first cooking, as in your first poem. We had finished our meal, and the rain was just over, when some more respectable men came by, who were engaged in building a house on the shore. These all wore long knives in their girdles, and had perhaps used them for less innoxious purposes than chopping wood. The trees and paths were still glistening with rain, and pearls were scattered plentifully over every bush. Two of our party struck into a path for the purpose of shooting, but soon returned, and we shoved off again, and held on straight up the stream. As we

went, we had occasional shots at passing birds, paddling up some stagnant creek, with low bushes growing out of the fertile mud, in chase of a feathered fugitive, or landing on the rocky shores, and firing from under cover, at the blue and red *bentivees* that dodged us from branch to branch.

We landed soon after on an island, and ascended to a large house, which we found peopled by negroes, from whom we bought some eggs and bananas. Plenty of fowls were wandering about ; but these were not for sale, as no owner could be found. The eggs and bananas were placed in our frying-pan with some ham, and a fire having been lighted, the room was soon full of smoke. On a sudden the sea breeze sprung up, and burst into the room, sending the shutters banging against each other, and dashing in and out alternately. The smoke, bewildered and not able to get out of the window, being met by the flying shutters and driven back into the room, took refuge in our eyes. The trees bent and surged beneath the blast, and the river broke furiously on the rocks below the house. In the midst of this breeze, having seen to the safety of our canoe, we proceeded quietly with our dinner. The pilot of our boat informed us, with his mouth full, that these negroes were "contrabanda," in what way he did not explain.

As we went down to the beach to re-embark, a large canoe passed under sail, flying up the river with wonderful speed. The breeze and tide being against us, and both very strong, we could not steer straight down the river, but made a tack to the opposite bank, the canoe pitching over the waves like a three-decker in the Bay of Biscay. Reaching the other side we found ourselves among marshes, where the trees were covered with oysters, that had been wafted into their branches by the tide. Here we caught a glimpse of some swans, but they were too shy to allow of a near approach.

We gave chase to another canoe, that was entering the creek, and, coming near it, saw the occupants so frightened at our approach that they ran their vessel aground. The water here was dark and muddy, and the long branches of the mangroves joined over our heads in a triumphant arch. We beached the canoe in a small side creek, and stepped on shore over some planks, that preserved us from an abyss of black mud. Walking up a hill we came to a factory, whence was a good view of the town and the winding river. Here some widow birds were shot, and a small *bentivee*, brown and unpretending in appearance, but possessing a variegated crest of red and yellow feathers, that he could erect at pleasure. When the sun shone on him, and his crest glittered and danced in the light, you for-

got his brown, ill-favoured body, and gave him due admiration. The widow birds attracted the attention of our sportsmen from a long distance by their glossy black plumage, possessing in some degree the same power of fascination as their namesakes in the human race.

A day or two after this we sailed from Espiritu Santo. A swell was rolling into the river as we went down, and the small islands, on whose appearance I commented so poetically on our ascent, were now only visible for an instant as the sea retired from them, or were indicated by broken water. A small coaster was at anchor half-way down the river, pitching heavily, while her deck was a scene of true mercantile confusion.

When outside the river we discharged the pilot and his bill, and steamed off to the south-westward.

The authorities at Espiritu Santo seem to be unfavourable to the slave trade. Two vessels were lying off the town that had been but recently seized with slaves on board. One of these was a Kabenda boat built on, whose burden certainly did not exceed thirty tons, but which had brought one hundred and eighty slaves in her hold from the coast of Africa!

CHAPTER XVI.

GUARAPARI—WOMEN OF THE COUNTRY—NEC VOX HOMINEM SONAT
—THE CANE—BENEVENTE—LINE OF COAST—PIUMA—ITABA-
POAMA—ITAPEMIRIM—ASSASSINATION.

BETWEEN Espiritu Santo and Rio Janeiro, Guarapari is the town of greatest importance. It is situated on a river that discharges itself into a bay, and the same name attaches itself to bay, river, and town. The anchorage in the bay is unpleasant, owing to the swell that is continually setting in, never ending, still beginning. This town was, till lately, famous for its extensive patronage of the slave trade. The boats of the *Harpy* succeeded in cutting out a slaver up the river, in spite of a vigorous resistance from townsmen and the crew of the slaver. No part of the town is visible from the bay, and even on nearing the mouth of the river, only a few huts appear. Signs of decay greet you on all sides. The church and convent stand on a high promontory at the river's entrance, and are both much dilapidated. The convent especially is overgrown with weeds and shrubs, which attain to a great height within its walls. There

are no flowers there now. Beside these two buildings stands a very high palm-tree, which, being the sole one upon the promontory, is conspicuous for a long distance, and serves to indicate the situation of Guarapari to vessels bound for that port.

As soon as the bar of the river, on which the depth of water is about three fathoms, is crossed, you suddenly open the town, on the eastern or seaward side, and the harbour with a shipbuilding establishment, where small coasters are generally in the process of construction. The river, which is not more than 300 feet in width, stretches to the southward parallel to the sea-shore, and the town is situated on the neck of land between the river and the sea.

On our first visit to Guarapari, a long narrow canoe, manned by two paddling Brazilians, came climbing over the billows towards us. The canoes in these regions are far narrower and longer than those of Ilha Grande, and their bow is sharper, the bow of the southern canoes being bluff and flat. When this canoe came alongside, the men had much difficulty in keeping her safely by the ladder, while the ship was in such motion. Shouts and yells went from stern to bow, and were again returned with interest from bow to stern.

“Pueri nautis, pueris convicia nautæ
Ingerere.”

When the boat was safely fastened, one man came up with two boxes of eggs, and some miserable half-starved fowls. These were bought readily enough, and, by the time the canoe had returned to the shore, the eggs were all found to be rotten and old, two qualities almost synonymous. I cannot blame the man for selling us such things. He must have known that in England we only honour what is old and useless.

Later in the day, when some officers landed, they came across this man, who immediately took to his heels in all the terrors of a guilty conscience, thinking no doubt that a deputation from the ship had come to demand his body, that they might hang him, hanging being the common punishment in England for every crime.

On our next visit to Guarapari, we proceeded to search out the lions of the place ourselves, the only *cicerone* being the governor, who was attending the captain. In a small bye-street we came to an open door, over which there was no board put up to warn us that "No admittance" was allowed except on business. We peeped in, which was quite natural on our part. If people will leave doors open, what can they expect? We saw nothing but a few children playing on the floor, and a magnificent cotton hammock suspended from the roof, tenantless. We departed immediately, but not

without drawing down upon us the most terrible consequences.

As we emerged from the premises, we met an old woman, who commenced jabbering at us as unmercifully as if she was endowed with the nature of thirty turkey-cocks. Luckily she was partly human, not altogether diabolical, and the little human nature she had, appeared in the loss of breath after a long jabber. But no sooner had she stopped than the discourse was taken up by an old man, who seemed fit to be her husband, and whom I wish no worse fate than that. Discourse it could hardly be called, where they had all the talking, and we had all the listening, the latter being the hardest part to sustain. The husband followed on the same side as his spouse, but soon showed the natural inferiority of man to woman. Before he had finished his wife began again, heading a chorus of women of various ages, and voices rising in cadence from the full scream of maturity to the cracked yell of old age. Unconscious of our crime, we strolled away, the chorus coming behind, and still keeping up their melodious song. At last a man came panting up, and made frantic bounds and blows at us, swearing and shouting maniacally. Of course, our sole resource was to swear and shout in return, which we did most meritoriously till the foe retired.

We next made the acquaintance of a smiling and

gracious personage, who beckoned us to come to his house. He was very cordial towards us, and spoke with amiable frankness; yet his face seemed insincere, and exactly resembled that of Simon Renard, in G. C.'s illustrations of *The Tower of London*. But this insincerity was easily explained away by a reference to his position. He was, in fact, the schoolmaster of the town, one of those worthy gentlemen we are so constantly hearing about—the schoolmasters abroad. He showed us all his schooling implements, the board for summing, and the ferule for drumming, from which execrable implement even Brazil is not free. Brazilians therefore may claim an affinity with the rest of the world by quoting that half line of Juvenal, that ought to act as a sign of freemasonry, and unite all who could say truly of themselves in an indissoluble bond,

“Et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus.”

This schoolmaster spoke a little English and had an English and Portuguese Dictionary and Grammar, which he showed us, and by the aid of which he translated a few sentences. Reading a Portuguese sentence, signifying “My wife is here,” he thus construed it—
“May wum-man ees he-ar.”

In a shop, which had shutters made of cane and wicker-work, to serve the purpose of windows, I was

buying some oranges, when an old woman came in "for some *aqua ardente*. I suppose she was about forty years of age, yet her face was the most wrinkled and hideous I have ever seen. A woman of eighty in England would be beautiful in comparison with this hag. But the tropical climate, which develops women at fourteen, makes them old long before their time.

In another shop there was an ill-looking Puritanical man, resembling a temperance lecturer, or the immortal Mr. Stiggins in the *Pickwick Papers*, by the late lamented Mr. Boz, who kept guard over his pretty wife while she attended to the concerns of the shop. I bought a turkey here, and other turkeys were bought at other shops. They were all so quiet that we concluded, remembering the adventure of the morning, that the turkeys of Guarapari had made over their voices to the females of the said town, and had received their beauty in exchange.

We will now proceed to give an account of the other notabilities of this coast in the guide-book style.

BENEVENTE.

The bay of Benevente is wide, shallow, and exposed. Vessels which draw more than ten feet water, cannot come within a mile of the shore, but may anchor some distance off in four and a half fathoms, bringing the last point to

bear E.S.E., and the most conspicuous house in the town N. by E.

The town is situated at the right side of the mouth of a river, which here empties itself into the sea. It was mostly a low situation, with the exception of the church, and a building attached to it, which apparently has been a monastery, though the lower part is now converted into a prison. The other part of the town being almost on a level with the river, the thoroughfares, which at one time might have been partly paved, are now a succession of stagnant pools of what at one time might have been water. A great number of the houses are in a sad state of dilapidation, some being the remains of fine buildings, with blinds, shutters, and carved wood-work.

Several small vessels are on the stocks here, and many coasters trade with the produce of the farms up the river. Stock is plentiful, and can easily be obtained; but, as it is brought up from the country, a day's notice is requisite. The river is navigable for canoes upwards of two miles above the town, and good shooting is to be had on its banks. At the last point of the bay is a reef, called the "Cormorant Patch," from the *Cormorant* steamer having struck there.

The line of coast between Cape St. Thome and Guarapari is low; but forty miles inland is a range of

mountains, of most grotesque shape and figure. Between these hills and the coast are large forests of fine wood, principally rosewood, inhabited by Indians, living in a state of barbarity. It is said that they now and then marry among the settled natives, and in some seasons they visit the farms for work, being chiefly repaid by cashaca, a spirituous decoction of the country, similar to *aqua ardente*. We may, however, infer that these savages do not always visit the civilized country with such amicable motives, but are frequently allured by the hopes of plunder. The inhabitants of the sea-coast live principally on fish, and when our men-of-war were cruising in these parts for the suppression of the slave trade, the people were in distress, being deterred from putting to sea in their canoes by the proximity of the steamers. Oranges and bananas, however, are here found in abundance, and on them the Brazilians can manage to subsist, without other food.

PIUMA.

A small village, on a little stream, lies near to Benevente, and is remarkable as supplying plenty of rosewood, which can be purchased cheaply.

Off the mouth of the Piuma river lies the small island of Franceza, from whose east end extends a reef of rocks, under whose lee shelter may be obtained by any vessel

desirous of anchoring. Sand may be got here, and men-of-war have discovered that it is a favourable place for firing at a target with their great guns. Another good anchorage is off the "Three Red Cliffs," which form a conspicuous break in the dun colour that stretches right and left. At the foot of these cliffs, at the back of the sandy beach, is a small wood, amongst whose trees several huts are discernible. There is also a shoal with two and a half fathoms on its shallowest part off these cliffs, the bearings of which are as follows:—

Large White House on the top of Red Cliffs, S.W. by W. four miles.

Two remarkable hills (represented in the log by an undecided scrawl, and a blot at each end) N.W. by N.

ITABAPOAMA.

A village also on a river, with a large house near the bar. The anchorage is in latitude $21^{\circ} 23'$ south, and longitude $40^{\circ} 51' 30''$ west. Bearings, large house S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. two miles. Outer reef S.E. by E. two miles. Point of Red Cliffs N.E. by N. The shoals are about six miles west from the large house. Inside this river a fore-and-aft schooner lay. She had landed 160 slaves the other day, and was at once seized by the government authorities, who inhabit the large house by the bar. She was somewhat larger than many slavers, in

proportion to the number of slaves she had brought over.

ITAPEMIRIM.

A village of some size, situated a mile or two up a river. It is chiefly remarkable owing to the state of civilisation within, which shows that the simplicity of a country retreat cannot always ensure peace and good-will. While walking with the governor of the village, the captain saw an unfinished house. He immediately stopped to survey it with a melodramatic start. Dreary and desolate it looked, as though its every brick knew the crime that had retarded its progress, which not all the wailings and agonized howls of its chimney in a high wind could ever hope to reveal. There was something ghastly and awful in the mere contemplation of this incomplete workmanship. Did the wind breathe softly? It was but out of commiseration for the unhappy builder; it was only a plaintive lament for his sudden fate. Was the wind silent? It yet seemed to brood softly over that spot, and to cradle itself to sleep in that heap of mortar that mouldered in the corner. Did the storm rage, and the lightning flash; did the thunder roar, and the rain volley down its largest drops? They all fell upon that house with motives no mortal can describe. The desolate pleadings of the dumb bricks, the roaring and whistling of the chimney,

all showed that something had been done there that might jar upon the ear, and choke the frozen speech.

Why was this house unfinished?

"Oh, yes!" said the governor coolly, "that belongs to a man who was knifed the other day."

"Knifed! what was the reason?"

"I really don't know; nothing particular I believe, though; some slight provocation, or other. They are dreadful fellows about here; without exception, the most bloodthirsty I ever met."

After such a specimen, the governor's statement was not difficult to believe.

CHAPTER XVII.

BOARDING EXPERIENCES—REGULAR SLAVERS, SIR!—OUR FIRST PRIZE
—THE MAGANO—REASONS FOR HER CAPTURE—TO ST. HELENA,
AND BACK—SECOND PRIZE—ON THE LOOK OUT FOR MORE—
DUCHESS ANNE—BARQUE LADEN WITH WOOL.

ELSEWHERE I have described the real state of the slave trade, as opposed to the ideal. This chapter must be devoted to our boarding experiences.

Strictly speaking, the *Geyser* made no captures on the coast of Brazil. We certainly sent one vessel to St. Helena, and detained another for three days; but the first returned uncondemned, and we found it advisable to release the second after a short detention. No prize money awaited us on our return home.

Although, when we first began to cruise, we had gained some little experience as to the decline of the slave trade, we had yet a notion that many vessels might be found of a suspicious nature, and believed that the guilty would lay themselves open to discovery by showing the white feather on our approach. Consequently, whenever we saw a vessel steering in an irregular manner, and keeping to no fixed course, we were

instantly certain of her guilt. We never looked to the real cause, the lack of wind. We would have it, that the indecision in the steering of the vessel was caused by her captain's indecision as to the course she ought to steer. We considered the helm an index of the captain's mind. Nothing could well have been more absurd than this notion. The captains of slavers are generally too clever to have any affinity with the materials of which their vessels are built, though in the navy that is an everyday occurrence.

At first, we committed the mistake of boarding only the handsome vessels, and passing the unsightly ones without notice. Such a policy might have succeeded a few years back, but in our time it was too antiquated. When sailing ships were employed against the slave trade, it was naturally the policy of shipowners to send out their fastest and handsomest craft, that the men-of-war could not overtake. But when steamers came into play, the owners knew well that in point of speed the men-of-war had the best, and moreover, in a calm, the finest clipper would be overtaken by the slowest steamer. Calculating on all this, they employ their poorest vessels, which would not be liable to much suspicion, and if taken would not be so valuable as the handsomer ships. More on this subject in another chapter.

While we went about, boarding all the yacht-like

brigs and schooners that came in our way, the Brazilian steamer "Maria" captured under our very nose a poor unpretending vessel, which happened to contain a cargo of slaves. The truth is, we acted as many people act in real life. We made a rule to suspect every body, and did suspect every body, with the slight exception of those who deserved suspicion. We fell with all our indignation upon innocent Mr. Burchell, leaving his nephew to run off with our daughter unheeded.

Two vessels there were that especially fell under our suspicion. These were two sister ships, the *Maria Isabella*, and the *Principe d'Alfonso*, the first being a brig, the second a brigantine. They both sailed well, and were beautiful models of building. The brig had a batten nailed round her hold. I shall have occasion to revert to her foreign flags, and a large brass cooking tin. The brigantine had sweeps, and foreign ensigns: Both were declared to be suspicious, but not sufficiently so to be captured. We had many conversations about them in many midshipmen's berths, and finally concluded that neither of the vessels were as yet slavers, but that they were only waiting for a chance to go over to the coast.

"Tolle periculum

Jam vaga prosiliet frænis natura remotis."

Take away the men-of-war from their cruising grounds,

and at once these two sister ships will take to the slave trade.

Our First Prize! There seems some magic in these words. What a title for a tale! You might depict in glowing colours the first sight of the strange sail, the headlong chase, the wild excitement, the intense straining of all eyes throughout the night as you tried to catch a glimpse of that white canvass, the first gun, the mast shot away, and so on, till your foot stood on the deck of the slaver, and you captured her in the name of Her Britannic Majesty. Such would be a fit subject for romance. But I grieve to say there is very little opening for romance on the Brazilian coast. Our first capture was on this wise.

We came up one morning with a brig, and sent the second lieutenant on board to search her. During this process he stumbled upon a slave shackle, which led to a more rigid investigation. Finally, the captain determined to send her to St. Helena for adjudication, and a prize-master and crew were selected to go in charge. The vessel that had thus fallen into our hands was the Brazilian brig "Magano," from Rio Grande de San Pedro to Rio Janeiro, and her cargo consisted of hides, tallow, grease, jerked beef, and horse-hair.

C——, a master's assistant, who had served on the coast, and had been sent from thence to St. Helena and

Sierra Leone on the same errand as the present, was selected to act as prize-master. The philanthropy of his messmates knew no bounds. Every one was ready to lend him every thing. Pistols, watches, and sextants were pressed upon him from all quarters, and of course he did not outrage the feelings of his messmates by declining. A large bunch of bananas, that had lately adorned our dingui, was now transferred to the Magano's quarter.

The crew of the Magano, with the exception of the captain, mate, and cook, were now shifted to the *Geyser*. I took the opportunity of going on board the prize, in the cutter that was continually passing and repassing. She was a trim vessel with a sharp bow, promising to be a quick sailer. Her after cabin was so full of goods, that bunks for the officers were erected on each side of the quarter-deck. Her long-boat, that was stowed on the booms, was full of onions, to which some of our men helped themselves. It has always been considered fair for the captors of any vessel to help themselves to some of their cargo. On the coast of Africa, when an empty slaver is seized, the bags of beans she had on board, serve to make soup for the various messes of the man-of-war. Sometimes even more valuable commodities have been seized. As a general rule, I believe, captains object to things falling into the hands of the midshipmen,

and remove temptation out of their youngsters' reach by the simplest possible method. The captain and mate of the Magano were reclining on the cover of the after-hatchway, with the remains of a dark-green melon beside them. The captain addressed some grumblings to me, as was only natural for a man in his position.

Meanwhile, on board the *Geyser*, the master was measuring the log-line and glass of the Magano; and, as an old man, was giving excellent advice about steering and pilotage, which C——, as a young man, was not likely to follow.

Soon all was finished, and the Magano, with *Captain* C—— giving orders, made all sail, and careered onward proudly, with the English ensign floating above the Brazilian. This demonstration was received with approbation by the middies, but not by the captain, who called it an insult to a defenceless people. Of course it was; who would ever be fool enough to offer an insult to any that could resent it? I do not think that the Brazilian captain of the Magano would have been much insulted by this sign of victory. He took the capture of his vessel coolly, and looked probably on the hoisting of the two ensigns as a mere boyish show-off.

After an absence of nearly five months, the prize crew returned in the English brigantine "Sanspareil,"

and we heard that the Magano was not condemned.

Not having a chronometer, their passage to St. Helena occupied fifty days, twenty more than the average time of passages; and for much of that time the crew had to subsist on farina, a dry unsatisfying food, all their government supplies being exhausted. At St. Helena, the Magano was strenuously defended. The black cook ran away, and, when brought back, confessed that the Magano's original object was to go into Rio Janeiro, sell her cargo, procure a chronometer, and get other things necessary for the coast, which was her final destination. But evil purposes were not considered equivalent to evil actions by the court; and, as the judge had recently condemned a vessel on equally trivial grounds, he thought it only fair that the owners should have the verdict this time, and acquitted the Magano accordingly. But, as the owners were not entirely free from guilt, he ordered them to pay the expenses of the voyage to St. Helena, the living there, and their return.

Now for our second prize. She was the Brazilian fore-and-aft schooner Improviso from St. Catherine's to Rio, laden with farina. One of her men told the captain, that underneath all this a slave-deck lay concealed, and she was detained till the truth of this rumour should be

ascertained. We scarcely expected so small a vessel to go over to the coast of Africa, and thought she was waiting to provision and equip some one that was larger and more seaworthy. In order to get hold of this other also, we removed the Improviso's crew, and sent our first lieutenant and gunner with eight seamen to take their places. We armed her with a six-pounder howitzer and some muskets. To make themselves unlike men-of-war's men, which merely required the slightest change of dress, as, but for that, nobody would have mistaken them for seamen, the men who accompanied the first lieutenant dressed themselves in the most outlandish garb, with garments looking more like theatrical properties than real dress. One suffered martyrdom in a tight jacket with coloured sleeves. In fact, they seemed equipped for an amateur pantomime.

One of the men whom we had taken from the Improviso spoke a little English, and I went through a course of study with him. I pointed to some part of the ship, and gave its English name, he responded with its Portuguese title. We boxed the compass alternately in English and Portuguese. It is strange how many words you can pick up in this manner. During the three days that the Improviso was detained, I had sundry conversations with this seaman; but the day came on which we had to restore her men, and dismiss her,

having found no slave-deck, or any thing to justify her further detention. I am sorry to say the words I had learnt from the Brazilian did not remain with me much longer.

One of our objects, while cruising to the southward of Rio de Janeiro, was to look out for a barque named the *Tentativa*. One day we fell in with a barque steering towards the shore with two Brazilian brigantines of war in chase; of course we took this vessel to be the *Tentativa*, and were greatly disappointed, on boarding her, to find that she was the French barque "*Duchess Anne*," from Peru to Falmouth with copper. The captain was ill, and the ship leaky. We offered medicine and assistance, the first gratuitous, the latter to be paid for, as coming under the head of salvage. As might be expected, the first was, in editorial language, so fatal to young and unknown contributors, "thankfully accepted," the second was "respectfully declined."

As we were nearing the harbour of Rio Janeiro one morning, we met a remarkably fine vessel coming out, pitching slowly over the swells. On our approach she hove to, and we sent a boat to search her, with the second lieutenant and gunner. Meanwhile we midshipmen gazed at her attentively. She was a Portuguese brig, and had evidently been bought from the navy into the merchant service. She was well built, and more

solid and substantial than the average run of traders to the Brazils, always excepting the English and other north country ships. We did not fail to notice the absence of any main boom, and remarked that she had dead-eyes and mizen-chains ready fitted; so that, if desirable, she could easily transform herself into a barque. She had also a look-out man in each top, which was quite superfluous.

Our boat soon returned, and the gunner reported that she had two large tanks of water in her hold, each containing eight or ten tons of water; four leaguers (large casks) also for water; a great quantity of plank, partly fitted for a slave-deck; much firewood; several casks and cases that might contain cooking utensils; while the captain's cabin was very coarsely furnished, and could the more easily be converted into a female slave-room.

If such were facts, the vessel must have been a slaver, and the gunner, who had some knowledge of the slave trade, and had served much of his time on the coast of Africa, stated that, if ever he had seen a slaver, this vessel was one. It was urged on the contrary, in her defence, by the second lieutenant, that she was the Portuguese brig "Xaelam," bound from Rio to Bombay; that her papers were quite regular; that she had thirty-six Lascars on board, and a mule in the hold, which

would require a great quantity of water on the voyage. Probably the mule had been taken as a blind, and it could be pitched overboard when they had got some way across. "Besides," added the lieutenant, "she's too good for a slaver!" Acting on this suggestion, the captain allowed the vessel to proceed on her way, to ——?

One evening, near the island of St. Sebastian, we fell in with a barque, that was careering about the ocean in a most eccentric manner, now going before the wind, and now close hauled. This of course excited our suspicions, and we steered towards her, on which she bore up and came down to us, the wind bearing us a faint hail of "Steamer! ahoy!"

"What barque is that?" *answered* our captain.

"The William and Mary, English barque, bound from Sydney to Rio."

"What's your cargo?"

"Wool!"

The last answer produced an immense effect on board the *Geyser*, and it was confidently asserted that the wool was confined to the heads of certain ill-used personages in her hold. This was only a myth, however, the stranger being actually the William and Mary looking for Rio, whose situation they did not know.

It must not be supposed, however, that these were the

only vessels we boarded. Far from it. Almost daily, there was some ship in sight that we had to steam alongside, scrutinize carefully, hail, and sometimes board if the intelligence we got by hailing was not enough to satisfy us. A mere list of these "ships we boarded" would be any thing but interesting. It would be as dull to us who live at home in ease as a list of the scholars of Mr. Thwackem's school at Caneton would be to a New Zealander. It would be like the letters of a certain midshipman, who, being asked to give a description of the places he had seen, used to regale his fond parents with their mere names, and, in some extraordinary cases, their latitude and longitude. In this case, the filial imperfections were easily passed over by parental fondness, which no writer can look for from the public. No, I must let these vessels sleep in the oblivion they deserved for not being guilty. Had they been slavers, they might have hoped for the *vates sacer*: as it was, they were merely innocent, and what interest is there in innocence?

CHAPTER XVIII.

SMUGGLERS AND CUTTERS—SLAVE TRADE LAWS—LIEUTENANT SCALY
—HONESTY NOT ALWAYS THE BEST POLICY—SUFFERING FROM
TOO MUCH HEALTH—MIDSHIPMAN'S LOGIC—POOR DOCTOR!

THE poet, who asked for

“The bold, th' erect, and generous foe,
(Bold I might meet, perhaps might turn, his blow,)”

preferring him to a professed friend with insidious arts, would find himself better suited, if desirous of suppressing the slave trade, on the coast of Africa than in the Brazils. The Brazilian trade is like the fox in the fable, with a thousand wiles; the African trade, resembling the cat in the same fable, has only one plan to follow, and follows it with a certain straightforwardness that never crosses the Atlantic. Prince Henry differs not more materially from Hal of Eastcheap, the boon companion of Falstaff, than does a slave-ship on the coast of Africa from its double in Brazilian waters. When a man-of-war heaves in sight, the African runs from it immediately: the Brazilian steers towards it to lull sus-

picion. There is so much greater variety of traffic on the Brazilian coast, that many a slaver, too cunning to attempt flight, is passed by as a simple trader; while on the African, where the chief trade is in slaves, suspicion attaches to all vessels.

Possibly the prevalence of fraud and cunning among the slave-traders, led to the introduction of those qualities into that portion of the navy whose duty it is to stop slave vessels on the high seas, and to lighten them of their human cargo. Sharp practices, which were originated by those who break the law, exist also among those who enforce it. Several cases, in which the grossest injustice was practised by men-of-war towards Brazilian vessels, have occurred within my knowledge. The laws against the slave trade are so stringent, that injustice can be easily used; and it can be even more easily justified by the simple plea, that you are taking a leaf out of your opponent's book.

In fact, the most inoffensive merchantman is liable to detention and seizure. One clause in the law against slavers, provides that any quantity of spare plank, that could be employed for the construction of a slave-deck, shall be deemed sufficient to prove the dishonesty of the bearer. Other clauses are directed against the conveyance of any unnecessary quantity of beans, farina, or other articles of negroes' food. More water than is

requisite for the crew during the voyage, chains, or shackles, much rope or firewood, large cooking-tins, charts of the coast of Africa, or flags of foreign nations, are all links in the chain of evidence required. The slightest circumstances of suspicion are often considered equivalent to a proof of guilt; and, when the captain's conscience is left to decide as to what shall be called suspicious, the result is, to use the words of Talleyrand, a *latitude énorme*. A captain's conscience is not always tender, and sometimes ignorance effects what unscrupulousness would shrink from. I have an example ready at hand to substantiate this rule.

A certain lieutenant, whom we will call by the name of Scaly, was in command of a certain steam sloop, which shall go by the name of the *Skirmisher*, on the coast of Brazil. This vessel was the dirtiest and luckiest in the whole squadron, and her commander was the most unscrupulous. One day the *Skirmisher* boarded a small trading vessel, that happened to bear some planks in her hold to stow coffee upon. Her skipper, on being interrogated as to the *raison d'être* of this wood, replied "Madeira—café," *Madeira* being the Portuguese name for wood.

But Lieutenant Scaly did not recognise the stuff, that served materially to compose his head, under that name. He had only heard of one *Madeira*, and could therefore

only conclude that the trader was going to the island of Madeira for coffee. This of course was improbable, Brazil not being supplied with coffee by that island. Not being able to solve the difficulty himself, he sent her to St. Helena, where the readiest solution arrived at was the vessel's condemnation.

This was mere ignorance: unscrupulousness can do as much, if not more. Some people have been known to take a chart of the coast of Africa with them in their pockets when they boarded a vessel, to drop it in some cabin, and send the vessel to St. Helena for adjudication on such grounds. Is there a name in the dictionary to express such an action? I doubt if there is one in Falconer's *Dictionary of Naval Terms*.

Many vessels that had been built for the slave trade during its prosperity, were, on its sudden downfall, converted into honest traders for the time. Any man who had the least experience in the trade, could see what had been their original destination; and naval officers, burning for prize-money, looked upon such craft as flagrant impostures. Even now, they were at any time ready to sail for the coast of Africa, if any relaxation of the government regulations made it worth their while. As fast sailers, and exquisite models of art, these vessels fell always under suspicion, and were regularly searched by every man-of-war in turn. Slave-owners, aware of

this, never employ handsome ships for nefarious purposes, but instead, the meanest and most unattractive they can lay hands upon. Thus they cheat their enemies into searching only honest ships, and passing the guilty unscrutinized. In return for this, men-of-war sometimes take the innocent, which, by a stretch of the law, can be included among the wicked, especially as they do not "sin in their own defence, and part with their virtue to preserve their reputation." Whether these vessels are to be called slavers is a debateable point. They have a batten often nailed round their hold, to show where the slave-deck should be placed: but this is only a dishonest intention, and, as men-of-war sometimes discover to their cost, does not constitute a proof of real guilt. The farina that they are conveying from one port to another as a pure matter of business, is often turned into an accusation against them. If they have loose beans on board, they are oftentimes routed out and left in confusion. Perhaps the life of an honest tradesman on the coast of Brazil, is more disagreeable than that of a notorious slave-dealer. If you are to be always suspected, it is at least pleasant to know either that you can always get clear off, or that you deserve suspicion.

The mere process of searching a vessel must be exceedingly annoying. Place yourself, reader, in the

position of the captain of the *Felicidade*, one of the most beautiful brigs on the coast of Brazil, running between Rio de Janeiro and some port fifty miles distant, that supplies the capital with fruit and vegetables. As the bearer of such a cargo, you cannot make too quick a passage, and are indignant at every calm or foul wind. On a calm noonday you are taking your siesta, when a steamer heaves in sight, and comes towards you, followed by a cloud of smoke, making the quiet waters leap in convulsions of agony beneath her paddles. As she approaches, one of your men walks aft, and hoists the Brazilian ensign. This piece of civility was performed too late. The steamer has had the English flag flying long before she saw you, and considers that you have incurred suspicion by not making a like display. The captain, already prejudiced against you, comes on board with two boatfuls of men. You come forward, yawning, to produce your papers, in great indignation at the disturbance of your afternoon slumber. Your credentials are not satisfactory enough; and, while the captain is looking at them in an undecided manner, glancing off to your face as if he expected to find there signs of guilt, one of his men pulls some foreign flags out of a locker, and unfolds them to public gaze. The sight of these decides the captain, who issues orders for a rigorous search. Wild with joy the seamen rush below, tumble

your cargo into most admired confusion, fling bags of farina and white calavances here and there, not ceasing till they have discovered the batten that your owner *would* nail round the hold, quite against your advice. Presently another seaman stumbles on a brass cooking utensil, and bears it triumphantly on deck, holding it over the bulwarks, that even the men on board the steamer may feast their eyes with the sight, and consider the *Felicidade* as good as condemned. Other suspicious circumstances are found by the hundred. So many slavers have counterfeited honesty before this, and with such success, that the genuine honesty is eclipsed by the counterfeit. However, the captain is conscientious, and lets you go, to the deep sorrow of every officer and man in his ship.

“What business had he to let her go?” they ask.

“Because she was honest.”

“But what business had she to be honest?”

A midshipman of the man-of-war writes in his diary : —“Boarded the *Felicidade*, and, though there were several illegal circumstances as regarding her cargo, she was not detained. During our search of her a breeze sprang up, and the captain, who was on board her at the time, said that she seemed to glide rather than move over the waters, resembling a fairy more than a human vessel. She was certainly a slaver; and how the captain

could excuse himself for letting her go, when his duty to his country and the cause of humanity should have impelled him to detain her, is best known to his conscience—if he has one!”

The same sentiments, and the same telling sneer, are repeated in the middy's next letter home, in which he entertains his parents with the news that the *Stifleman*, 12, is ordered to cruise between Espiritu Santo and Cape St. Thome, and that the *Guillemot*, 6, has lost its foretopmast.

The same sentiments, *minus* the telling sneer, however, and *minus* all allusions to conscience, are repeated to Lieutenant Scaly, when the said midshipman meets him in Rio. Lieutenant Scaly will learn all about your existence, and the strong proofs of your guilt. He will be on the watch for you when he cruises again, and will probably capture you, adding one more recruit to the noble army of martyrs.

The real facts of the case are simple enough. The presence of our squadron prevents the slave trade in a great measure, as the owners of vessels are not particularly anxious to lose them, and do not send them out when there is a moral certainty of their being taken if they attempt any thing dishonest. But the Navy prefers cure to prevention, because it gets its fee for the one, and not for the other. Can you expect a doctor to cure

you as speedily as possible, seeing that for each day you are ill he receives a fee, while health on your part precludes the possibility of further attendance on his?

The slave trade is in the position of Tom Jones, when he called Partridge to examine his wound. It is progressing so favourably, that the poor doctor's occupation's gone.

CHAPTER XIX.

SLAVERY—THE “BLACK FEVER”—“LADIES”—MORALS AND EDUCATION OF NEGROES—WHAT THE BRAZILIANS THINK OF US—BRAZILIAN JOURNALISM—OUR AMBASSADORS—POWER OF THE CHURCH IN BRAZIL—FINIS.

I NEED not detain the reader long with any remarks upon slavery. It is not necessary for every traveller to end his volume with a careful essay upon this subject, balancing the *pros* and *cons* with logical exactness, but unfortunately leaving out all the logic. Enough has been said and written on slavery, to liberate all the slaves in the world—if slaves could be liberated by mere writing and speaking. Philanthropy is sometimes a cheap virtue; and when Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom had directed attention to slavery, people philanthropic enough to write in her wake found virtue rewarded by a publisher's cheque.

If the “black fever” still existed, I should probably have been led to sacrifice to it in these pages. As it has died out, it is useless for me to go out of my way,

and describe the sufferings of an ill-used class that I may gain the reward of virtue. Because I feel strongly against the slave trade, there is no occasion for me to "thpeak thtrongly," after the pattern of a certain schoolmaster. Why should I harrow up the feelings of the public, knowing that I cannot at all alleviate the misery I describe?

Nor need I enter the lists against the American "ladies," who kept up their reputation, and won their husband's hearts, by their able defence of slavery. I wish these amiable creatures no worse fate than drunken husbands, who may indulge in that elegant amusement known in England by the name of wife-beating. We must expect to meet with slavery in a land of freedom governed by a democracy, which means despotism of the many over the few.

I doubt if the most crusty Toryism could object to the instruction of the people after an inspection of the state of uneducated negroes. They seem not to be men, simply creatures—

"Narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like to beasts with lower pleasures, like to beasts with
lower pains."

Morals are unknown among them. I have seen a little girl, aged perhaps two years, not able to speak

plain, throw herself into the most disgusting postures, with immense relish and an utter disregard for decency. The huts of the negroes are of the most loathsome kind; insects creep over their persons and their food unmolested. Chastity does not seem to exist among their females; and even their lawless amours are carried on as publicly as a hypocrite's virtues. We cannot wonder if their characters are as black as their skins. Such are the legitimate consequences of slavery and ignorance. Set them free, educate them, liberate them from the fetters of the slavery of the body and that of the mind, and you will see how superior they are in all attainments to their Brazilian masters. Tie an oak to the ground in its infancy, and where would be the tree that spreads over half a field, and gives shelter to a flock beneath its branches?

What the Brazilians think of us is of no great importance to our nation. The ox can afford to despise the spiteful comments of the frog. However, they do think us a nation of pirates, and believe that any insult offered to an Englishman can be washed out by a glass of ale. A man-of-war brigantine, named the *Bonnetta*, was once cruising, and gave chase to a schooner, firing a gun to bring her to. The schooner then hoisted a Brazilian ensign and pendant, thus showing herself to be a man-

of-war. On this the *Bonnetta* hauled her wind. Immediately the Brazilian rounded to, and fired two shots at the *Bonnetta*, bearing up again immediately, and going off under all sail. The *Bonnetta*, on this, went after her, to make her answer for her conduct, and brought her to, after pitching about ten shot and shell around her masts. Two officers were sent on board for an explanation and apology. The Brazilian captain expressed his regret, and offered a glass of ale as a compensation!

Brazilian journalism is somewhat on a par with the journalism of America. When any person makes himself offensive to the editor of any newspaper, stray facts or fictions about his father are raked up, reminding one of the American editor mentioned in that clever book "Across the Atlantic," who, when cutting up the book of a traveller, invariably discovered, either that the offender's father had been hanged for forgery, or that his mother had been transported for sheep-stealing. When our ambassador went to a ball, a correspondent wrote to the Brazilian paper saying:—"We next saw Mr. H—— looking quite bewildered, and staring at the lights, as if every lamp was one of the slavers he had consigned to the flames. We had a good mind to set on the *miscreant*, and give him a good *thrashing*."

Our ambassadors at Rio have frequently been on no very good terms with the emperor. One ambassador, who had a pleasant country-house that the emperor was desirous of inhabiting for a time, was *ordered* to evacuate it for imperial accommodation. This rather unreasonable request was not proffered with any courtesy, but rather with all the peremptory nature of a despotic summons.

Of the power of the church in Brazil I have no personal knowledge. I have been told that in the towns its authority is great, and I have seen that in the villages it does not possess any great sway. I would refer the reader who is desirous of knowing any thing on this subject to a very able essay by Cardinal Wiseman, reprinted from the *Dublin Review* among his collected essays. In spite of the usual affectations of a Roman Catholic writer, the continual boastings of the power of Rome, and the important mistake the writer has here and there fallen into, in using the English word "freedom" where the word "slavery" should properly have stood—a natural mistake for a man who was born a Spaniard, was educated near Durham, and finished his studies at Rome—this essay will be found very instructive, and may give a fair notion of the state of religion in Brazil.

And so farewell to

“The land where the orange hangs tempting above,
And fills with its perfume the whole of the grove :
Where the yellow banana droops down from its stem,
Through the thick shading leaves peeping forth like a gem ;
Where the humming-birds flit through the glad forest scene,
Their crests flashing gaily with scarlet and green ;
Where the choicest of flowers spring forth from earth's breast—
'Tis the clime of delight, 'tis the land of the West ! ”

APPENDIX.

Official Papers extracted from Parliamentary Blue Books.

THE "MAGANO."

II. M. JUDGE TO VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

ST. HELENA, June 23, 1851.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to transmit to your Lordship an abstract of the particulars of the case of a Brazilian brig called the *Magano*, adjudicated in the Vice-Admiralty Court of this colony, on the 5th instant, under charge of being engaged in the African slave trade.

This brig was seized by Commander Tatham, of Her Majesty's steam sloop "Geyser," on the 11th of February last, within a short distance from the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, laden with a cargo of jerked beef, tallow, hides, grease, and hair. She was documented with apparently regular papers for a voyage from Rio Grande to Rio de Janeiro, from the former of which places she appears to have sailed on the 3rd of February last, and to have duly prosecuted the voyage till she was detained by Commander Tatham. The vessel was brought to St. Helena by Mr. Creak, a master's assistant of the "Geyser," on whose affidavit the usual process was issued, calling upon the master to show cause why the vessel should not be pronounced to have been engaged in the African slave trade, on the return whereof a claim was put in by the master, supported by his affidavit, in denial of the charge.

The cause came on to be heard on the 29th ultimo, when a technical objection to the sufficiency of the authority of Com-

mander Tatham to make the seizure in question, was raised by the claimant. It was contended that Captain Tatham's authority, which was to seize Brazilian vessels engaged in the slave trade generally, was not such an authority as was contemplated by the Act of Parliament of the 8th and 9th Vict c. 122, which had reference only to the African slave trade; but as I was of opinion that all the requisites of the Act of Parliament had been complied with, the vessel being charged with being engaged in the African slave trade, and seized by an officer acting under an authority from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the objection was overruled. The main question, however, in the case, was the equipment of the vessel; the captors contending that it was such as to prove the vessel to have been engaged in the slave trade; the claimant asserting that she was not equipped in any other manner than is usual in vessels engaged in lawful commerce. The evidence in the case consisted of the affidavits of the captor and claimant, and a survey of the vessel, which took place in consequence of the conflicting statements contained in the affidavits. After an attentive examination of these documents, with reference to the charge, and the affidavit of the prize officer, I collected that the vessel was equipped and furnished in the following manner: she had—

A Portuguese and two Brazilian ensigns, with several other flags:

One pair of shackles:

Three water-suckers:

Eight mess-kids:

Two iron pots for cooking, and some metal pans of large capacity:

About a cwt of jerked beef in the cabin:

Three tubs of great size:

A small quantity of water:

Eleven water casks, capable of containing 1000 gallons:

Galley large enough to cook for 500 persons:

Two hatchways:

A door, 2 ft. 4 in. square, between the cabin and hold :

Two double bunks, one with a pantry, the other with a locker, and with two sleeping berths in each :

Two ports or scuttles on each side.

This equipment, with an alleged inconsistency in some of the papers, which seemed to me only apparent, formed the only evidence in support of the case of the captor. On the other side, it was said that the vessel was a lawful trader, prosecuting a lawful voyage, documented with every regular and necessary paper, with a mail on board, and a cargo composed of the staple articles of commerce between Rio Grande and Rio de Janeiro ; and further, that she had no article of equipment on board but such as is usual in vessels engaged in lawful commerce.

After hearing the arguments of the respective proctors, and taking some time for consideration, I was of opinion, that although the equipment of the vessel was of a most suspicious nature, yet considering its incompleteness for the accommodation, ventilation, and support of a cargo of slaves, with the apparently regular proceedings of the vessel in other respects, and the fact of the seizure having taken place almost, if not quite, within sight of her destined port, that it was not sufficient to justify me in pronouncing the vessel to have been in that particular voyage carrying on the African slave trade, in contravention to the convention between Great Britain and Brazil, I therefore decreed a restitution of the vessel. As, however, that equipment appeared to me to have been sufficiently suspicious to justify the seizure by Commander Tatham, I decreed that restitution to be made without costs.

The judgment which I have pronounced in this case has not been satisfactory to either of the parties. Each of them has asserted an appeal, the captor against the restitution of the vessel, the claimant against that part of it which deprives him of costs.—I have, &c.,

(Signed) W. WILDE,

JUDGE OF THE VICE-ADMIRALTY COURT.

ABSTRACT OF THE CASE OF THE BRIG "MAGANO."

Brazilian Brig *Magano*.

Master, Manuel Gomes de Oliveira Magano.

Owners, Jozé dos Santos Magano and Liborio Teixeira Gouvêa.

Crew, by crew list and found on board, twelve persons.

Sailed from Rio Grande on the 3rd of February, 1851, on a voyage to Rio de Janeiro.

Cargo, jerked beef, tallow, grease, hides, and hair.

But then by register, 220 tons ; new British measurement, 237½ tons.

The following papers found on board were filed in court by the captor :—

1. Certificate of registry, dated at Rio Grande, 31st May, 1850, endorsed at Pernambuco, 21st August, 1850.

2. Manifest, dated Rio Grande, 28th January, 1851.

3. Crew list, dated Rio Grande, 28th January, 1851, for a voyage to Rio de Janeiro.

4. Custom-house certificate, dated Rio Grande, 28th January, 1851, that the vessel had discharged her cargo brought from Pernambuco on the 8th of October, 1850.

5. Port clearance, dated Rio Grande, 28th January, 1851.

6. Passport for a voyage to Rio Grande, dated Pernambuco, 20th August, 1850.

7. A letter from the inspector of customs at Rio Grande to the administrator of customs at Rio de Janeiro, enclosing manifest and custom-house permits, dated 28th January, 1851.

8. Manifest, dated Rio Grande, 28th January, 1851.

9. A letter, dated Rio Grande, 29th January, 1851, from Jozé dos Santos Magano to Mello and Miranda at Rio de Janeiro, on business, inclosing also the book of cargo.

10. A letter from the inspector of customs at Rio Grande, dated 28th January 1851, to the inspector of customs at Rio de Janeiro, inclosing manifest.

11. Manifest dated Rio Grande, January 28, 1851.

12 to 22. Eleven custom-house permits to embark the cargo mentioned in the manifest.

23 and 24. Two private letters.

25. A letter of instructions from Jozé dos Santos Magano, dated Rio Grande, 30th January, 1851, to Manuel Gomes de Oliveira Magano.

26. A private letter from Jozé dos Santos Magano, dated Rio Grande, 30th January, 1851, to Francisco Jozé da Cunha Goes at Rio de Janeiro.

27. Passport of the "*Magano*" for her voyage from Rio Grande to Rio de Janeiro, dated Porto Alegre, 28th January, 1851, signed by the President of the province of Rio Grande.

28. An account of stamp duty paid on the freight of the cargo, dated Rio Grande, 28th January, 1851.

29. A certificate from the Post-office, dated Rio Grande, 28th January, 1851, that the vessel has a mail on board.

30. Book of cargo, dated Rio Grande, 28th January, 1851.

31. Eight bills of lading of the cargo on board.

32. A letter of business from Jozé dos Santos Magano, dated Rio Grande, 30th January, 1851, to Buxareo Romaguera and Co., at Rio de Janeiro.

33. Custom-house certificate, dated Rio Grande, 28th January, 1851, that the vessel has been duly cleared.

The above papers were attached to the affidavit of Mr. Creak, the prize officer.

The following were attached to the affidavit of the claimant:—

1. Log-book for the voyage from Rio Grande to Rio de Janeiro.

2. Certificate signed by Edward Tatham, Esquire, commander of her Majesty's steam sloop "*Geyser*," respecting the seizure of the vessel.

3. List of the cargo, stores, and furniture of the "*Magano*," signed by the master and the prize officer.

4. A sealed letter, addressed to Senhor Don Juan Fries, Rio de Janeiro.

5. A letter from the Argentine consul-general at Brazil, dated Rio de Janeiro, 1st March, 1851, to Saul Solomon, Esquire, Brazilian consul at St. Helena, relative to the capture of the "*Magano*," and inclosing the following documents, viz :—

6. A protest against the capture.

7, 8, and 9. Three invoices.

10. Bill of lading.

11. Chart.

(Signed) JOHN N. FIRMIN, *Registrar*.

COMMANDER TATHAM TO REAR-ADMIRAL REYNOLDS.

SIR,—I beg to inform you, that I this morning fell in with a beautiful Brazilian brig (the *Magano*), recently built at Oporto, constructed for the slave trade. I caused a minute search to be made, and on the discovery of some slave shackles, added to the general fitting of the vessel, I determined to send her for adjudication to St. Helena on the following grounds :—

1. Having on board twelve mess-tubs or kids, not required for the use of the crew of the vessel as a merchant vessel.

2. The galley and cooking apparatus much larger than requisite for the use of the crew, and three small boilers (which can be used for cooking) stowed in the hold.

3. Slave shackles and bolts, found also below.

4. After compartment of hold (or cabin) of large dimensions, as in all slave vessels, for use of female slaves.

5. The main hatchway, also much larger than requisite for the purposes of ordinary traffic, extending nearly the whole length of the long boat.

6. More divisions or bulkheads in the hold than are necessary for use as a lawful trader.

This vessel is no doubt one of that squadron I referred to in my letter of the . ultimo. The few necessaries to complete her may have been conveyed, as is often the case, by small coasting vessels off Rio de Janeiro, and a portion of her present cargo might have been landed by the same conveyance.

Acting on the spirit of the Act of Parliament, and aware of the connivance unfortunately given by the authorities at Rio de Janeiro, I have deemed it my duty to send this vessel over, though her papers were clearly made out for Rio de Janeiro, as was the case in the capture of a vessel recently by her Majesty's ship bearing your flag, off that harbour, cleared out for Bahia.— I have &c.,

(Signed) EDWARD TATHAM.

REMARKS ON THE COAST OF BRAZIL.

Captain Kuper, of H. M. S. *Thetis*, writing from Bahia, says:— “In compliance with your instructions, I waited on the president of this province, accompanied by her Majesty's consul: and having introduced the subject of the slave barracoons, I was assured by his excellency that there was nothing whatever going on in the slave trade at present in this vicinity; that the barracoons were used as private dwellings, and had not been appropriated as slave depôts for some time back. His excellency also assured me that he was doing, and should continue to do, every thing in his power to suppress the slave trade altogether, and that he considered this measure absolutely necessary for the future welfare of his country.

“It is unfortunate that the slave-dealers believe that the Brazilian government is insincere in its declarations against the slave trade, and only wait till our men-of-war are withdrawn, and the Brazilian government sunk in apathy. When the act of 1831 was passed, the slave trade sunk into perfect stagnation for some months, till one dealer landed a cargo with impunity, which led to an immense revival of the traffic.”

OBSERVATIONS ON THE BARRACOONS BETWEEN SANTOS AND MARAMBYA.

“GEYSER,” April 6, 1851.

Mangaratiba.—The juiz municipal, Dr. Andrade Pinto (who.

received me with great civility, and asked me to dine), made some strong anti-slavery observations; among others, that the few well-known capitalists who have been carrying on the trade, on detection should not be allowed to evade justice by embarkation. The captain of the fort was very attentive, and fruit was given in abundance to the boat's crew.

Albroa Bay.—Found here a small revenue cutter. The commander stated that he had orders to prevent the transport of slaves by canoes; and that he was to report any estate on which newly imported Africans appeared.

Dois Rios.—This once fine establishment (Da Cunha) is to a certain extent in decay: about 200 slaves are at work. It is now entirely a coffee plantation. The barracoons are rather a series of habitations, which may be applied to any purpose; but there are no traces of fitting for vessels, or indeed any thing to denote its notoriety for slaving, but the seclusion of the anchorage, and the facility of debarkation.

Marambya.—The three establishments of the notorious Breves, bear no appearance of wealth but the quantity of land under cultivation, and the abundance of his stock. The houses are inferior, and the blacks are quartered in detached cottages. There is no building that would bear the name of a barracoon. The children are lodged in a large sort of kitchen adjoining the house. It appears, as soon as any slaves are landed, they are dispersed and sent round in canoes to the different estates for sale.

Sombrio.—This is the clearest and most decided slave depôt (Coelho): the anchorage could hardly be improved. Near the water side are the remains of a rigging-house or cooperage, recently destroyed by fire; quantities of iron hoops and pieces of chain (ship's furniture) are lying on the rocks. An admirable watering-place has troughs to convey the water to the boats. On an eminence stands a regular coast-of-Africa barracoon, with a detached cook-house; neither have been recently in use, but both are little out of repair. The land is cultivated with an unusual

quantity of bananas, oranges, and mandioca, apparently for refreshing the imported slaves. At present only two slaves reside in a cottage near, who are occasionally relieved. This barracoon, and indeed the whole place, ought to be rendered unavailable, and no buildings permitted but for the cultivation of the soil. It is impossible to conceive a spot better adapted for reviving the infamous traffic, at present so checked—a few days' work may bring it into active operation.

* * * * *

At all these places I heard much complaint of the damage done to the coffee by the late rains: the sugar and casaca mills are much in disuse, and many totally neglected; coffee apparently being more productive.

I cannot close this without reporting that I have met with good feeling and hospitality on all occasions: and from communications, and my own observation, I am of opinion no landings have been effected for some time, and that none are expected.

(Signed) EDWARD TATHAM.

Commander Tatham, writing from Itabapoama, says:—"There cannot be a doubt of the present zeal of the police authorities on this part of the coast: but they have hitherto considered that they were also to receive prize money (the forty milreis promised for each slave by the law of September, 1850). Being now undeceived on this point, a doubt may exist whether all the authorities are not more open to bribery. If the Brazilian government would ensure some proportionate reward to the captors and informers on shore, this evil would be less probable."

MR. HUDSON TO VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

RIO DE JANEIRO, *March 15, 1851.*

MY LORD,—I have the honour to report to your lordship that the notorious slaver *Tentativa*, which sailed from Rio Janeiro in the month of May, 1850, for Havana, sailed thence on the 29th

July for Quillimane, which port she left in December last, on her return to Brazil, with nearly 700 slaves; arrived off Ilha Grande in this province on the 14th ultimo.

Upon approaching the coast, her master descried a steamer, apparently cruising, and, being alarmed, he steered for Campos; arriving there, he perceived another steamer apparently bearing down upon him, upon which, not knowing for what port to steer, he ran the *Tentativa* ashore near Barra Furado.

The crew rose upon the master, demanding three contos of reis each for their services. The Africans, however, were landed, and the master at once offered them for sale to the people, who had flocked to the beach, putting them up at 200 milreis a piece; but, finding no bidders, he gradually lowered his price to twenty milreis, at which price a few purchasers were found. But the police of Macahe, having been informed of the arrival of the *Tentativa*, appeared upon the ground, and seized the master, his crew, and the Africans.

Information of this capture reached this capital on the 21st ultimo; and as it was notorious, from declarations in the custom-house of Rio, that Manoel Pinto da Fonseca was the consignee of the *Tentativa*, that slave-dealer concealed himself in a country house near the Botanical Gardens (about seven miles from this city) during the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd ultimo. On the 24th he left his place of concealment and went on board the French packet ship *Ville de Rio*, then ready to sail for France.

As he had previously taken out a passport for Europe, and as no order had been issued for his arrest, no difficulty occurred upon the occasion of the visit of the clearing officer, and the *Ville de Rio* sailed on her voyage.

The Africans, master, and crew of the *Tentativa*, arrived here on the 26th ultimo, and the master and crew are in confinement, awaiting their trial.—I have, &c.,

(Signed) JAMES HUDSON.

BIBLIOLIFE

Old Books Deserve a New Life

www.bibliolife.com

Did you know that you can get most of our titles in our trademark **EasyScript**[™] print format? **EasyScript**[™] provides readers with a larger than average typeface, for a reading experience that's easier on the eyes.

Did you know that we have an ever-growing collection of books in many languages?

Order online:

www.bibliolife.com/store

Or to exclusively browse our **EasyScript**[™] collection:

www.bibliogrande.com

At BiblioLife, we aim to make knowledge more accessible by making thousands of titles available to you – quickly and affordably.

Contact us:

BiblioLife

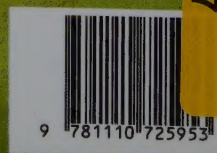
PO Box 21206

Charleston, SC 29413



BIBLIOTHECA

KT-305-627



9 781110 725953